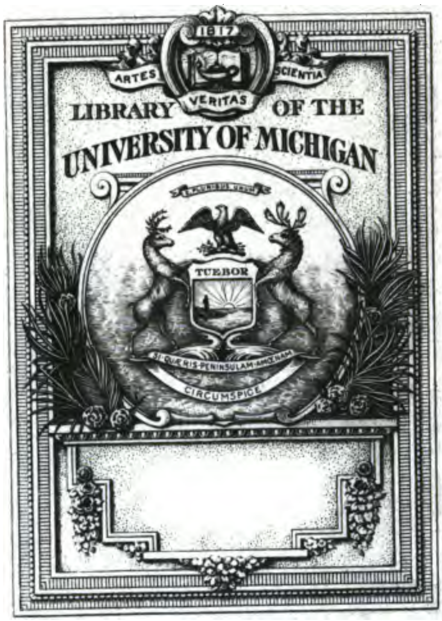

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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Harvard Edition.

BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

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KING HENRY VI. PART FIRST.

NEVER printed that we know of till in the folio of 1623; but evidently referred to by Thomas Nash in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1592: "How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that, after he had lain two hundred years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage; and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times,) who, in the tragedian that represents his person, behold him fresh bleeding." The special matter of this allusion is in the fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes of the fourth Act, where the veteran Earl of Shrewsbury and his son John fight it out together to the death.

During those years, one of the London theatres, called "The Rose," was under the management of Philip Henslowe, who had numerous and varied dealings with playwrights and actors, and from whose records much of our information about the dramatic doings of the time is derived. From this source we learn that a play called *Henry the Sixth* was acted at his theatre by "Lord Strange's men" on the 3d of March, 1592, and was repeated twelve times in the course of that season. Whether this play were the same as that referred to by Nash, we have no means of ascertaining. Shakespeare is not known to have had any connection with the theatrical company designated as "Lord Strange's men"; and most of his plays, if not all, were undoubtedly written for another company. But it is well known that at that time the same play was often performed by several different companies in succession; for in such matters what we call copyright was then unsecured by law, and little regarded by custom: so it is nowise unlikely that Shakespeare's *King Henry the Sixth*,

after running a course with the company to which he belonged, may have been permitted to the use of another company, or may have been used by another without permission.

At all events, the forecited passage from Nash would fairly infer the play in question to have been on the stage as early as 1589 or 1590. As, in 1589, Shakespeare was but twenty-five years old, this would needs conclude the play in hand to have been among the first, if not the very first, of his essays in dramatic composition. And it stands clear in evidence that the public taste or preference was at that time running strongly in favour of plays founded on English history: in these the intense national feeling of the people and the old English passion for dramatic entertainments could meet and feast together: hence, no doubt, the early and rapid growth in England of the Historical Drama, as a species quite distinct from the old forms of Comedy and Tragedy. To be sure, the play in hand is vastly inferior in every respect to what the Poet afterwards achieved in the same kind; yet hardly, if at all, more inferior to these than it is superior to the best plays on English history that had been seen on the London stage at the supposed date of its production. Shakespeare's own workmanship apart, the earliest historical play that can bear any comparison with it is Marlowe's *Edward the Second*, which is first heard of by an entry in the Stationers' Books dated July 6, 1593; and it is beyond question, as we shall see hereafter, that both the Second and the Third Parts of Shakespeare's *King Henry the Sixth*, probably in their present form, but certainly in some form, were on the stage some two years before that date.

Nevertheless the authorship of the play in hand has been a theme of argument and controversy from the days of Theobald to the present time: some boldly maintaining that Shakespeare could have had no hand in it whatever; others supposing that he merely revised and improved it, and perhaps contributed a few scenes; while yet others hold the main body of it to be his, though an inferior hand may have had some share in the composition. The reasoning of the two former classes proceeds, I believe, entirely upon internal evidence, and seems to me radically at fault in allowing far too little for the probable difference

between the boyhood and the manhood of Shakespeare's genius. The argument, branching out, as it does, into numerous details, and involving many nice points of critical inquiry, is much too long for rehearsal in this place; and, even if it were not so, a statement of it would hardly pay, as it is not of a nature to interest any but those who make a special study in matters of that kind. I have endeavored to understand the question thoroughly, and am not aware of any thing that should hinder my viewing it fairly; and I can but give it as my firm and settled judgment that the main body of the play is certainly Shakespeare's; nor do I perceive any clear and decisive reason for calling in another hand to account for any part of it.

In such a diversity of opinions resting on internal evidence, probably our best way is to fall back upon such clear points of external evidence as the case may afford. Now the mere fact of the play's being set forth as Shakespeare's by the Editors of the first folio certainly infers a strong presumption as to the authorship. I cannot indeed affirm such presumption to be so strong that no possible force of internal evidence can overthrow it, for I think this is fairly done in the case of *Titus Andronicus;* but in that play the internal evidence is of quite another cast and texture from what we have in the play under consideration. But, as regards *King Henry the Sixth*, we have another piece of external evidence, which, taken along with the former, seems to me well nigh conclusive of the question. Shakespeare's *King Henry the Fifth* was registered at the Stationers' on the 4th of August, 1600, and a quarto edition of it was published in the course of that year; the title-page having these words, "as it hath been sundry times played by the Right-Honourable the Lord Chamberlain's Servants." The play closes with a brief epilogue, in which we have the following:

> Henry the Sixth, in infant bonds crown'd King
> Of France and England, did this King succeed;
> Whose State so many had the managing,
> *That they lost France*, and made his England bleed:
> *Which oft our stage hath shown;* and, for their sake,
> In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

I am by no means certain that this epilogue was written by

Shakespeare, but that is nothing to the present purpose. The claim here put forth fairly covers the whole of *King Henry the Sixth*, the First Part of which is mostly occupied with the losing of France, as the Second and Third are with the making of England bleed. It also appears that the three earlier plays had been often performed by the company of which Shakespeare is known to have been a member; and the words quoted infer all four of the plays to have been written by the same author.

Shakespeare's usual authority in matters of British history was Holinshed, whose *Chronicles* were first published in 1577, when the Poet was thirteen years old. The corresponding work of Hall was published some thirty years before. The Poet was doubtless familiar with both of these writers; and it is beyond question that for the historic material of the play now in hand he drew more or less from the work of Hall. It is to be noted, however, that in this case he took much greater freedom than usual with the actual order of events, marshalling them here and there upon no settled principle, or upon one which it is not easy to discover. The play extends over the whole period from the death of Henry the Fifth, in August, 1422, when his son was nine months old, till the marriage of the latter with Margaret of Anjou, which took place in October, 1444. In some cases the scattered events of several years are drawn together, and presented in one view; as in the first scene, where we have the angry rupture of Gloster and Beaufort occurring at the same time with the funeral of Henry the Fifth, and reports coming in of losses in France, some of which did not occur till after the events set forth in several of the later scenes. In like manner, in the early part of the play the King is made much older, and in the latter part much younger, than he really was; the effect of which is, as it was probably meant to be, to give an impression of greater unity than were compatible with a more literal adherence to facts. So, again, the death of the Talbots is drawn back many years before the time of its actual occurrence, in order, as would seem, that the foreign wars, and the disasters attending them, may be dispatched in the First Part, and thus leave the Second and Third free for a more undistracted representation of the civil wars.

KING HENRY VI. PART FIRST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
Duke of Gloster, } his Uncles.
Duke of Bedford, }
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter.
HENRY BEAUFORT, Bishop and Cardinal.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Duke of Somerset.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
MONTACUTE, Earl of Salisbury.
BEAUCHAMP, Earl of Warwick.
DE LA POLE, Earl of Suffolk.
JOHN TALBOT, Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.
Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
Sir WILLIAM LUCY.
Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE.
WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower. Mayor of London.
VERNON, of the York Faction.
BASSET, of the Lancaster Faction.

CHARLES, the Dauphin.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou.
PHILIP, Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alençon.
Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner, and his Son.
General of the French Forces.
A French Sergeant.
A Porter.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan.

MARGARET, Queen to Henry VI.
The Countess of Auvergne.
LA PUCELLE, called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French. Fiends appearing to LA PUCELLE.

SCENE. — *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Westminster Abbey.*

Dead march. The corpse of King HENRY *the Fifth, in state, is brought in, attended on by the Dukes of* BEDFORD,

GLOSTER, *and* EXETER, *the Earl of* WARWICK, *the Bishop of* WINCHESTER, Heralds, *&c.*

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black,[1] yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and States,
Brandish your crystal [2] tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad-revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death![3]
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day Sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquerèd.

Exe.[4] We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?

[1] The upper part of the stage was in Shakespeare's time technically called *the heavens*, and was used to be hung with black when tragedies were performed.

[2] The epithet *crystal* was often applied to comets by the old writers. So in a sonnet by Lord Sterline, 1604: "Whenas those *crystal comets* whiles appear."

[3] *Consented* here means *conspired* together to promote the death of Henry by their malignant influence on human events.

[4] Thomas Beaufort, the present Duke of Exeter, was son to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford; born out of wedlock, but legitimated along with three other children in the time of Richard II. Of course therefore he was great-uncle to King Henry VI. At the death of Henry V. he was appointed governor of the infant King, which office he held till his death in 1425. The Poet, however, prolongs his life till 1444, the period of the First Part. Holinshed calls him "a right sage and discreet counsellor." The name Beaufort was derived from the place of his birth, which was Beaufort-castle in France.

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contrived his end?[5]

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The Church! where is it? Had not churchmen[6] pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may over-awe.

Win.[7] Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh;

[5] This is well explained by a passage in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen will not sticke to affirme that they can *rime* man or beast to death." See vol. v. page 60, note 25.

[6] *Churchman* was used for what we call a *clergyman* or *priest*.

[7] Henry Beaufort, known in history as "the great Bishop of Winchester," was brother to the Duke of Exeter. At this time he held the office of chancellor, and was associated with Exeter in the governing of the infant sovereign. The quarrel between him and his nephew, the Duke of Gloster, did not break out till 1425, though it had been brewing in secret for some time. In 1427 he was advanced by Pope Martin to the office of cardinal.

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar: — heralds, wait on us: —
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead. —
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a marish [8] of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead. —
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright Berenice.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Rouen, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou, man! before dead Henry's corse
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.
Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?

[8] *Marish* is only another form of *marsh.* Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* has a like expression: "Made mountains *marsh* with *spring tides of my tears.*" — "But the miry places thereof and the *marishes* thereof shall not be healed; they shall be given to salt." — Ezekiel, xlvii. 11.

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is mutteréd,
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.
Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
Give me my steelèd coat! I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing-robes!
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive [9] miseries.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no impórt:
The Dauphin Charles is crownèd king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.
Exe. The Dauphin crownèd king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

[9] *Intermissive* for *intermitted:* miseries that have only a brief intermission.

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats: —
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?
3 Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassèd and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitchèd in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continuèd;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he flew:
The French exclaim'd, the Devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him: [10]
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,

[10] "Stood *agazed on* him" is evidently the same as stood *aghast at* him.

A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He, being in the vaward, — placed behind,[11]
With purpose to relieve and follow them, —
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosèd were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

3 Mess. O, no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours. —
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

[11] *Vaward* is an old word for the foremost part of an army, the *van*. The passage seems to involve a contradiction; but the meaning probably is, that Fastolfe commonly led the *vaward*, but was on this occasion *placed behind*. Mason supposes the army to have been attacked in the *rear*, and remarks that in such cases "the van becomes the rear."

3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.
Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I do remember't;[12] and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*
Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*
Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*
Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office:
The King from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit. Scene closes.*

SCENE II. — *France. Before Orleans.*

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, *with his Forces;* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Mars his true moving,[1] even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:

[12] "Remember *it*" refers to *oaths*, or rather to *oath* as implied in the plural form. The old grammar admits *oaths* when speaking of the *oath* taken by several persons.

[1] *Mars his* is the old genitive. Nash, in his Preface to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, well illustrates the text: "You are as ignorant in the true movings of my Muse as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*,

Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
The whiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drownèd mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege: why lie we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the fórlorn[2] French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or flee. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums; excursions; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,

which to this day they could never attain unto." The orbit of Mars is in fact so eccentric, and consequently his motions so irregular, that the latter were an inexplicable puzzle to astronomers till the publication of Kepler's work on the subject in 1609.

[2] *Forlorn* here seems to be a sort of inverted prolepsis: the French *who were lately* forlorn, though they have now ceased to be so.

Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.[3]

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rolands[4] bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmers[5] or device,
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard *of Orleans.*

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard[6] of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

[3] "Their hungry prey" is the prey for which they are hungry.

[4] These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are the theme of the old romances. From the equally doughty and unheard-of exploits of these champions, arose the saying of *Giving a Roland for an Oliver*, for giving a person as good as he brings.

[5] *Gimmers*, sometimes spelt *gimmals* or *gimals*, means a *gimcrack* or *quaint contrivance*. So in Bishop Hall's *Epistles*: "The famous Kentish idol moved her eyes and hands by those secret *gimmers* which now every puppet play can imitate."

[6] *Bastard* was not in former times a title of reproach. Hurd, in his *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*, makes it one of the circumstances of agreement between Heroic and Gothic manners, "that bastardy was in credit with both."

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer[7] appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from Heaven,
Ordainèd is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:[8]
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit* Bastard.] — But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [*Retires.*

Re-enter the Bastard *of Orleans, with* LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? — Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart. —
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

7 *Cheer* in this instance means *heart* or *courage*, as in the expression, "be of good *cheer*."

8 Warburton says, "there were no *nine sibyls of Rome:* it is a mistake for the nine Sibylline Oracles brought to one of the Tarquins." But the Poet followed the popular books of his day, which say that "*the ten sibyls* were women that had the spirit of prophecy, and they prophesied of Christ."

Heaven and our gracious Lady hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to Sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's Mother deignèd to appear to me,
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised, and assured success:
In cómplete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this,[9] thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle[10] with me;
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Catharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I do fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man. [*They fight.*

[9] "*Resolve on* this" is *be assured of* this, or *assure yourself of* this. The Poet has *resolve* several times in a like sense. See vol iv. page 125, note 31.

[10] To *buckle* is to *engage*, to *encounter*, to *join in close fight.* So, again, in v. 3, of this play: "And Hell too strong for me to *buckle* with."

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's Mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chasèd all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's Summer,[11] halcyon days,
Since I have enterèd into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

[11] That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after Winter has begun. The French have a proverbial expression, *Esté de St. Martin*, for fine weather in Winter.

Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersèd are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud-insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspirèd with a dove?[12]
Thou with an eagle art inspirèd, then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters,[13] were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the Earth,
How may I reverent worship thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortalized.
Char. Presently we'll try: come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *London. Before the Gates of the Tower.*

Enter the Duke of GLOSTER, *with his* Serving-men *in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.[1] —
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls. [Servants *knock.*
1 Ward. [*Within.*] Who's there that knocketh so imperiously?

[12] Mahomet had a dove "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast, Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost." — RALEIGH'S *History of the World.*

[13] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in Acts, xxi. 9.

[1] *Conveyance* was used for *furtive knavery, juggling artifice, sleight of hand,* or any kind of *secret management.*

1 Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

2 Ward. [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 Serv. Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1 Ward. [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willèd you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.—
Break up[2] the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[GLOSTER'S Serving-men *rush at the Tower-gates.*

Woodville. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

Woodville. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment[3]
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me,
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the King:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the Lord Protector:
We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

[GLOSTER'S Serving-men *rush again at the Tower-gates.*

[2] *Break up* was the same as *break open.* So in Micah, ii. 13: "They have *broken up* and have passed through the gate." And in St. Matthew, xxiv. 43: "He would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up."

[3] *Commandment* here is four syllables, as if spelt *commandement.*

Enter WINCHESTER, *with his* Serving-men *in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?
Glo. Peel'd [4] priest, dost thou command me be shut out?
Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,[5]
And not protector, of the King or realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;[6]
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:[7]
I'll canvass [8] thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursèd Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel,[9] if thou wilt!

[4] *Peel'd* is *bald*, alluding to his *tonsure* or shaven head.

[5] *Proditor* is the same as *traitor* or *betrayer*.

[6] One of Gloster's charges against Cardinal Beaufort was, that, when Henry the Fifth was Prince of Wales, the Cardinal set on foot a scheme for having him assassinated at his lodgings in the palace of Westminster.

[7] The public stews in Southwark were under the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Winchester. So that licenses for keeping them were issued on the Cardinal's authority.

[8] *Canvass* was a technical name for the peculiarly constructed net with which wild hawks were snared by the falconer: at least, it was technically applied to catching wild hawks in this way; and to be *canvassed* in this sense was to be taken, trapped, or netted. The following, from Pettie's *Palace of Pleasure*, brings out this meaning: "As the mouse, having escaped out of the trap, wil hardly be allured againe with the intising baite, or as the hawke, having bin once *canvassed* in the nettes, wil make it daungerous to strike againe at the stale;" &c. The phrase has peculiar expressiveness when applied to the broad-brimmed cardinal's hat, with its long strings knotted into net-like meshes on either side. And Gloster, in saying "I'll *canvass* thee in thy broad cardinal's hat," expressed his determination to trap and seize the arrogant churchman, if he persisted in his violent courses. — *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872.

[9] The allusion here is well explained by a passage in *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville*: "In that place where Damascus was founded, Kayn sloughe Abel his brother." And Ritson has another of like drift from the *Polychronicon*: "Damascus is as much as to say shedding of blood; for there Chaym slew Abel, and hid him in the sand."

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What! am I dared, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privilegèd place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats.[10] — Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of Pope or dignities of Church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the Pope.

Glo. Winchester goose![11] I cry, a rope! a rope!—
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny-coats!— out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOSTER *and his* Serving-men *attack the other party; and enter in the hurly-burly the* Mayor *of London and* Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, Mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrain'd[12] the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,

[10] It appears from this, that Gloster's servants wore *blue coats*, and Winchester's *tawny*. Such was the usual livery of servants in the Poet's time, and long before. Stowe informs us that on a certain occasion the Bishop of London "was attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny* coats."

[11] A *Winchester goose* was a particular stage of the disease contracted in the stews; hence Gloster bestows the epithet on the bishop in derision and scorn. A person affected with that disease was likewise so called.

[12] To *distrain* is to *seize arbitrarily* or *by violence*.

O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is Protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the Prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation: —
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. [Reads.] *All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you, in his Highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs,[13] if you will not away:
This Cardinal's more haughty than the Devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it off ere long. [*Exeunt, severally,* GLOSTER *and* WINCHESTER *with their* Serving-men.

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart. —
Good God, that nobles should such stomachs[14] bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

[13] The old practice of calling out *Clubs, clubs!* to rouse and rally the London apprentices to a street-affray, is often alluded to by contemporary writers. It would seem that shop-keepers generally had clubs ready for such use. See vol. v. page 100, note 4.

[14] *Stomach* here means *pride* or *haughty resentment.* See vol. i. page 170, note 6.

SCENE IV.—*France. Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner *and his* Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The Prince's 'spials have informèd me
How th' English, in the suburbs close entrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And even these three days have I watch'd, if I
Could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*
Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT, *Sir* WILLIAM GLANSDALE, *Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means gott'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Callèd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomèd.
But with a baser man-of-arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and cravèd death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
But, O, the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.[1]
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot[2] I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And, if I did but stir out of my bed,

[1] This man [Talbot] was to the French people a very scourge and a daily *terror*, insomuch that as his person was fearful and terrible to his adversaries present, so his name and fame was spiteful and dreadful to the common people absent; insomuch that woman in France, to feare their yong children, would crye the *Talbot* cometh. — HALL'S *Chronicle.*

[2] *Shot* for *shooters* or *marksmen.* "He's a good *shot*" is still in use.

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.
Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured;
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this secret grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.
[*Shot from the town.* SALISBURY *and* GARGRAVE *fall.*
Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!
Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?—
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accursèd tower! accursèd fatal hand
That hath contrived this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to Heaven for grace:
The Sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious[3] to none alive,

[3] Here, as often elsewhere in Shakespeare, the ending *-ious* was meant to be dissyllabic. The same of various other endings, such as *-ion* and *-ience.* So in this scene: "Let me have your express *opinions.*"

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands! —
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it. —
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him. —
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die whiles —
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say,[4] *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French. —
Plantagenet,[5] I will; and, Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name. —

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum.*

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd, —
A holy prophetess new risen up, —
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[SALISBURY *lifts himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged. —
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel,[6] dolphin or dogfish,

4 "As who should say" is the old phrase for "As if he would say," or, "As much as to say." See vol. iii. page 118, note 22.

5 This looks as if Salisbury's name were supposed to be Plantagenet. It was, in fact, Thomas Montacute.

6 *Puzzel* means a *dirty wench* or a *drab;* "from *puzza*, that is, malus fœtor," says Minsheu. So in Steevens's *Apology for Herodotus*, 1607: "Some filthy queans, especially our *puzzels* of Paris, use this theft." And in Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595: "Nor yet any droye nor *puzzel* in the country but will carry a nosegay in her hand." It should be remembered that in the Poet's time *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*.

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains. —
Convey me Salisbury into his tent:
Then try we what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V. — *Before one of the Gates of Orleans.*

Alarums. Skirmishings. Enter TALBOT, *pursuing the* Dauphin, *drives him in, and exit: then enter* LA PUCELLE, *driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.
Here, here she comes. —

Re-enter LA PUCELLE.

I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or Devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee,[1] — thou art a witch, —
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chástise this high-minded strumpet.
[*They fight again.*

Puc. [*Retiring.*] Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.

[1] It was believed that drawing blood from a witch rendered her malice impotent at once.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starvèd men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[La Pucelle *enters the town with* Soldiers.

Tal. My thoughts are whirlèd like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,[2]
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.— [*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse' or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subduèd slaves.
[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum; retreat. Exeunt* Talbot *and Forces.*

Flourish. Enter, on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, *the* Bastard *of Orleans,* Reignier, Alençon, *and* Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;

[2] Alluding to Hannibal's stratagem of fastening bundles of lighted twigs to his oxen, and then turning them loose, in order to divert the Romans while he made his escape.

Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.[3] —
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessèd hap did ne'er befall our State.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's of Memphis [4] ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious

[3] So in Spenser's description of the "Gardens of Adonis," *The Faerie Queene*, iii. 6, 42:

> There is a continuall spring, and harvest there
> Continuall, both meeting in one tyme:
> For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
> And with fresh colours decke the wanton pryme,
> And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,
> Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode.

[4] *Rhodope*, or Rhodopis, (the *rosy-cheeked*,) a celebrated courtezan, who was a slave in the same service with Æsop, at Samos. She obtained so much money by selling her favours at Naucrates, that she is said to have erected at Memphis "the fairest and most commended of the pyramids."

Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,[5]
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the Kings and Queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *France. Before Orleans.*

Enter, to the gate, a French Sergeant *and two* Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court-of-guard.[1]

1 Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit* Sergeant.] — Thus are poor servitors —
When others sleep upon their quiet beds —
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and Forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,[2] —

[5] In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden by Alexander the Great, insomuch that everie night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in the *rich jewel coffer of Darius*, lately before vanquished by him. — PUTTENHAM'S *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589.

[1] In the military language of our time, "the court-of-guard" is called the head-quarters of the guard; that is, the place where the guard musters.

[2] The present Duke of Burgundy is known in history as "Philip the Good." He succeeded to the title in 1419, at which time his father was murdered. That treacherous assassination had the effect of knitting Philip

By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy are friends to us, —
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,[3]
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance [4] their deceit,
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of Hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,

in close alliance with England, which was further strengthened and prolonged by the marriage of Bedford with his sister in 1423. Her death, which occurred in 1432, greatly loosened the bonds between her brother and the regent. At length, under the mediation of the Pope, a congress of English, French, and Burgundian ambassadors was held at Arras in 1435, which ended in a reconciliation of Burgundy and the Dauphin, who had then succeeded to the crown of France. The Poet represents the detaching of Burgundy from England to have been brought about by Joan of Arc; for which the only historical ground is, that Joan wrote a letter to the duke urging upon him the course which he afterwards took.

[3] *Secure* is *careless* or *negligent*, like the Latin *securus*. See vol. vi. page 38, note 16.

[4] To *quittance* is to *requite* or *retort*. So in Greene's *Never too late*: "Shall I be so ingrate as to *quittance* affection with fraude?"

That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed: I'll to yond corner.

Bur. I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying* Saint George! a Talbot! *and all enter the town.*

Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the Bastard *of Orleans,* ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *half ready and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready[5] so?

Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

[5] *Unready* is *undressed.* So in Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606: "You are not going to bed; I see you are not yet *unready.*" And in Cotgrave: "*Deshabiller*, to unclothe, make *unready*, put or take off clothes."

Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms [6] to endamage them.

Alarums. Enter an English Soldier, *crying* A Talbot! a Talbot! *They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

[6] *Platforms* for *plans* or *schemes.* So the *plot* of a play was formerly called the *platform.* Sometimes applied to *systems* of theology; as, "the Geneva *platform,*" and "the Saybrook *platform.*"

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Orleans. Within the Town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a* Captain, *and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the Earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursèd town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse [1] we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armèd men,

[1] To *muse*, in one of its old senses, is to *wonder* or *marvel.*

Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.
Bur. Myself — as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night —
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?
Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?
Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,[2]
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.
Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with. —
You mayn't, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
Tal. Ne'er trust me, then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled: —
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her. —
Will not your Honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:

[2] "Where she *lies*" is where she *dwells*.

And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy. —
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?
Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Auvergne. Court of the Castle.*

Enter the Countess *and her* Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you've done so, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure [1] of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger *and* TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspéct

[1] *Censure* is *judgment* or *opinion.* A very frequent usage.

And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhlèd[2] shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you. [*Going.*

Count. What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter *with keys.*

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond[3]

[2] *Writhled* for *wrinkled.* Thus Spenser: "Her *writhled* skin as rough as maple rind." And Marston, in his fourth *Satire:* "Cold *writhled* eld, his lives web almost spent."

[3] *Fond* is *foolish* or *silly:* commonly so in the old writers.

To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;[4]
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[*He winds a horn. Drums strike up; then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:[5]
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,[6]

[4] The term *merchant*, which was often applied to the lowest class of tradesmen, seems to have been anciently used on such familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman;* signifying that the person showed himself, by his behaviour, to be a low fellow. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, the Nurse says, "I pray you, sir, what saucy *merchant* was this, that was so full of his ropery?" — "For the *nonce*" is for the *occasion* or the *time*.

[5] *Abuse* is *deception*, *trick*, or *cheat*. Often so.

[6] *Bruited* is *noised abroad* or *loudly reported*.

And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honourèd
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*London. The Temple-Garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET,[1] VERNON, *and a* Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;

[1] This Richard Plantagenet was son of the Earl of Cambridge who was overtaken in a plot against the life of Henry V., and executed at Southampton. That Earl was a younger brother of Edward, Duke of York, who fell at the battle of Agincourt, and had no child to succeed him. So that on his father's side Richard was grandson to Edmund of Langley, the fourth son of Edward III. His mother was Anne, sister of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, and great-grandaughter to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who was the second son of Edward III. In 1425, the fourth year of Henry VI., Richard was restored to the rights and titles that had been forfeited by his father, and was made Duke of York. After the death of Bedford, in 1435, he succeeded him as regent of France; was recalled two years later, and appointed again in 1441. Some three years after, being supplanted in that office by his rival, the Duke of Somerset, he took the government of Ireland instead, from whence he began to stretch forth his hand to the crown.

The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in error?[2]
Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som.[3] Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.
War.[4] Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;[5]
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets[6] of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

[2] The question is not alternative here, though it has that form; *else* being equivalent to *or, in other words.*

[3] The Earl of Somerset at this time was John Beaufort, grandson to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford, and so of course nephew to the Duke of Exeter and the Bishop of Winchester. He was afterwards advanced to the rank of duke, and died in 1432, leaving his title to his brother Edmund; his only surviving child being Margaret, who was married to the Earl of Richmond, and thence became the mother of Henry VII. So that there were two Dukes of Somerset in the time of this play, though the Poet does not distinguish them; or rather he prolongs the life of John several years beyond its actual date.

[4] The present Earl of Warwick was Richard Beauchamp, surnamed the Good. He was esteemed the greatest of the captains formed in the great school of Henry V. After the death of Exeter, he was appointed governor of the young King in 1426. When York was first recalled from the regency of France, in 1437, Warwick succeeded him, with the title of Lieutenant-general and Governor of France, and died at Rouen in May, 1439. Shakespeare, however, keeps him alive till the end of the play, or at least does not distinguish him from Henry, who succeeded him.

[5] That is, regulate his motions most adroitly. We still say that a horse *carries himself well.*

[6] *Quillets* are *tricks of chicanery*, or *sly turns in argument.* See vol. ii. page 67, note 28.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants [7] proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; [8] and, without all colour
Of base-insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected: [9]
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,

[7] *Dumb significants* is *signs* and *tokens;* language addressed to the eye.

[8] *Colours* is here used equivocally for *tints* or *hues* and for *pretences* or *deceits.*

[9] *Well objected* is *aptly proposed* or *cast in our way.* So in Goulart's *Admirable Histories,* 1607: "Because Sathan transfigures himself into an angell of light, I *objected* many and sundry questions to him."

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white-rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: who else?

Law. [*To* SOM.] Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,[10]
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding rose,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

[10] "It is not for fear that my cheeks look pale, but for anger,—anger caused by seeing thy cheeks blush," &c.

Plan. Proud Pole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,[11]
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless[12] yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,[13]
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late King's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt[14] from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attachèd, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

[11] A mistake. Richard's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was the son of Philippa, the daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

[12] That is, those who have no right to coats-of-arms.

[13] It does not appear that the *Temple* had any privilege of sanctuary at this time, being then, as now, the residence of law students. The author might imagine it to have derived some such privilege from the knights templars, or knights hospitallers, both religious orders, its former inhabitants. It is true, blows may have been prohibited by the regulations of the society: the author perhaps did not much consider the matter, but represents it as suited his purpose.

[14] *Exempt* for *excluded.* See vol. i. page 100, note 10.

For your partaker[15] Pole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:[16]
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance[17] of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition!
And so, farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Pole. — Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plan. How I am braved, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your House,
Shall be wiped out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy, — this brawl to-day,

15 *Partaker*, in ancient language, signifies one who *takes part* with another; an *accomplice*, a *confederate*. So in the 50th Psalm: "When thou sawest a thief, thou didst consent unto him, and hast been *partaker* with the adulterers."

16 *Apprehension* here probably means *sarcasm*, or *insulting conception;* alluding to Somerset's having called him a *yeoman.* We have a like use of the word in *Much Ado*, iii. 4: "How long have you profess'd *apprehension?* See vol. iv. page 214, note 12.

17 *Cognizance* was used for *badge.* An heraldic term.

Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A Room in the Tower of London.*

Enter MORTIMER,[1] *brought-in in a chair by two* Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new-halèd from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,[2]
Nestor-like agèd, in an age of care,[3]
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer:
These eyes — like lamps whose wasting oil is spent —

[1] This scene is at variance with history. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who was trusted and employed by Henry V. throughout his reign, died of the plague in his own castle at Trim, in Ireland, in 1424; being then only thirty-two years old. His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed a prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. The Poet was led into error by the popular historians of his time. Hall relates that "The erle of Marche was ever *kepte in the courte* under such a keeper that he could neither do nor attempt any thyng agaynste the kyng wythout his knowledge, and died without issue."

[2] The *heralds* that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach.

[3] Walker explains this, "An old age of ordinary length, being overburdened with care, has wrought upon me the effect of Nestor's three centuries."

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:[4]
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief;
And pithless[5] arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet — whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay —
Swift-wingèd with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire[6] of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, friend, is he come?

[4] *Exigent* is here put for *extremity* or *end.* So in *Doctor Dodypoll,* 1600: "Hath driven her to some desperate *exigent.*"

[5] *Pith* is used figuratively for *strength.* So in *Othello,* i. 3: "For since these arms of mine had seven years' *pith,*" &c.

[6] An *umpire* is properly one who puts an end to or determines a controversy.

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late-despisèd Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despised?
Plan. First, lean thine agèd back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.[7]
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursèd instrument of his decease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will, if that my failing breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Deposed his cousin Richard,— Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward King, the third of that descent:

[7] *Disease* was used for any *uneasiness*, *trouble*, or *grief*.

During whose reign, the Percies of the North,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason moved these warlike lords to this
Was, for that — young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body —
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derivèd am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son[8]
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as, in this haughty-great attempt,
They labourèd to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening[9] to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:

[8] In a previous note, I have spoken of Lionel as the *second* son of Edward the Third, of John of Ghent as the *third*, of Edmund of Langley as the *fourth*, and of Thomas of Woodstock as the *fifth*. And so historians commonly speak of them. In strictness of fact, however, the *second* son was William of Hatfield, who died in infancy, and so is commonly passed over in history. Hence the seeming discrepancy between the numbering in my notes and what is here and in some other places stated in Shakespeare's text. Shakespeare follows Holinshed, who speaks more "by the card" than is the use of later historians.

[9] That is, *thinking*. This is another departure from history. Cambridge levied no army; but was apprehended at Southampton, the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Earl of March.

But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.
Plan. Of which, my lord, your Honour is the last.
Mor. True; and thou see'st that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather: [10]
But yet be wary in thy studious care.
Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixèd is the House of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.
Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me, as that slaughter doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral:
And so, farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself

[10] Meaning "I wish you to *infer the legal consequences* of this my bequest, or the rights that justly fall to you as my heir."

Will see his burial better than his life. —
[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out the body of* MORTIMER.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:[11]
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Either to be restorèd to my blood,
Or make my ill th' advantage[12] of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *London. The Parliament-House.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *The Bishop of* WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a bill;*[1] WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Comest thou with deep-premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,

[11] That is, *oppressed* by those who were of *lower rank*, or whose right to the crown was not so good as his.

[12] *My ill* is here the *wrong* done *to* me. *Advantage* in the sense of *occasion* or *vantage-ground.*

[1] *Bill* is the articles of accusation. — This Parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though here represented to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first Parliament, which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother, Queen Catharine, brought the young King from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne with the infant in her lap.

Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As[2] very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And, for thy treachery, what's more manifest,
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge as at the Tower?
Besides, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. — Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And, for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provoked?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;

[2] *As* and *that*, both pronoun and conjunction, were used indiscriminately by all the writers of Shakespeare's time.

It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because [3] no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the King;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good —

Glo. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not Lord Protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the Church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,[4]
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverend
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This Rome shall remedy.

War. Roam [5] thither, then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

[3] *Because* is here equivalent to *in order that.* So in St. Matthew, xx. 31: "And the multitude rebuked them, *because* they should hold their peace." Also in Bacon's *Henry the Seventh:* "The King began then to pare a little the privilege of the clergy, ordaining that clerks convict should be burned in the hand, both *because* they might taste some corporal punishment and that they might carry a brand of infamy."

[4] *Keeps* for *dwells.* Often so. See vol. iii. page 182, note 2.

[5] So Nash, in his *Lenten Stuff,* 1599: "Three hundred thousand people *roamed* to *Rome* for purgatorie pills."

War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace protector to the King?
Plan. [*Aside.*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
King. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth. —
[*A noise within,* Down with the tawny-coats!
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again within,* Stones! stones!

Enter the Mayor *of London, attended.*

May. O, my good lords, — and virtuous Henry, —
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop's and the Duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones,
And, banding themselves in contrâry parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Serving-men *of* GLOSTER *and* WINCHESTER *with bloody pates.*

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace. —
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.
1 Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to't with our teeth.
2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*
Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.
3 Serv. My lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his Majesty:
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgracèd by an inkhorn[6] mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And leave our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.
1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Skirmish again.*
Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
An if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.
King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul! —
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. My Lord Protector, yield; — yield, Winchester; —

[6] That is, a *bookish person*, a *pedant*, applied in contempt to a scholar. *Inkhornisms* and *inkhorn-terms* were common expressions.

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the King commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothèd brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet King! the bishop hath a kindly gird.[7] —
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart. —
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!
King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,

[7] A *gird* is a *cutting reply*, a *sarcasm*, or a *stinging speech*. See vol. ii. page 236, note 7. — *Kindly*, here, is *natural*, *characteristic*, or *suited to his nature*. So the Poet often uses *kind* and its derivatives in the radical sense of *nature*. See vol. iii. page 131, note 15; also vol. iv. page 220, note 2.

How joyful am I made by this contráct! —
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 Serv. Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

2 Serv. And so will I.

3 Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt* Serving-men, Mayor, *&c.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glo. Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: — for, sweet Prince,
An if your Grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your Majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restorèd to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restorèd to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the House of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And faithful service till the point of death.

King. Stoop, then, and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon[8] of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,

[8] *Reguerdon* is *recompense* or *reward.*

And rise created princely Duke of York.
Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your Majesty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!
Som. [*Aside.*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!
Glo. Now will it best avail your Majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.
King. When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* EXETER.
Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feignèd ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.[9]
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

[9] So will this malignant discord *propagate itself.* *Envious*, as usual, in the sense of *malicious*.

Scene II. — *France. Before Rouen.*

Enter La Pucelle *disguised, and* Soldiers *dressed like Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city-gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, — as I hope we shall, —
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Guard. [Within.] *Qui va là?*

Puc. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France,* —
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. [*Opening the gates.*] Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen,[1] I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[La Pucelle, *&c., enter the town.*

Enter Charles, *the* Bastard *of Orleans,* Alençon, Reignier, *and Forces.*

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;[2]
Now she is there, how will she specify

[1] *Rouen* was anciently written and pronounced *Roan.*

[2] *Practice,* in the language of the time, was treachery, or insidious stratagem. *Practisants* are therefore *confederates in treachery.*

Where is the best and safest passage in?
Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,
No way to that,[3] for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on a battlement, holding out a torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding-torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.
Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry *The Dauphin!* presently,
And then do execution on the watch.
[*They enter the town. Exit* LA PUCELLE *above.*

Alarums. Enter, from the town, TALBOT *and English* Soldiers.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery. —
Pucelle, that witch, that damnèd sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride[4] of France.
[*Exeunt into the town.*

[3] That is, no way *like* or *compared* to that.

[4] *Pride* here signifies *haughty power.* So, afterwards, in iv. 6: "And from the *pride* of Gallia rescued thee." —The general sentiment of the English respecting Joan of Arc is very well shown in that the regent, soon after the coronation at Rheims, wrote to Charles VII., complaining that "he had, by the allurement of a *develish witch*, taken upon him the name, title, and dignitie of the King of France," and challenging him to a trial of the question by private combat. Divers other choice vituperative epithets are stuck upon the heroic maiden by the old chroniclers, such as "false miscreant," and "damnable sorcerer."

Alarums: excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, *brought in sick in a chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the English Forces. Then enter on the walls* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, *the* Bastard *of Orleans,* ALENÇON *and* REIGNIER.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel;[5] — do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your Grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good graybeard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? — yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow. —
[TALBOT *and the rest whisper together in council.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us, then, for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,

[5] "*Darnel*," says Gerarde in his *Herbal*, "*hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim*, if it happen either in corne for breade, or drinke." La Pucelle means to intimate that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem.

But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest:
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! — base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Captains, away! let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks. —
God b' wi', my lord! we came up but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt* LA PUCELLE, *&c., from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame! —
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy House —
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France —
Either to get the town again or die;
And I, — as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror, —
As sure as in this late-betrayèd town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buriéd, —
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. — Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquishèd his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so: Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt, into the town,* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and Forces, leaving* BEDFORD *and others.*

Alarums: excursions; in one of which, enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE *and a* Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We're like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay, all the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

[*Exit into the town.*

Retreat: excursions. Re-enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c., and exeunt flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarums. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and others.*

Tal. Lost and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Let Heavens have glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar[6] is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?[7]
What, all amort?[8] Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris to the King,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never crouchèd lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in Court:
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Plains near Rouen.*

Enter CHARLES, *the* Bastard *of Orleans,* ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recoverèd:
Care is no cure, but rather córrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;

[6] A *familiar* was the common attendant of a witch, and was generally an evil spirit disguised in the form of a cat, dog, or some other animal. See *Macbeth*, i. 1, note 2.

[7] *Charles his* is the old usage for *Charles's.* — *Gleeks* is *scoffs, mocks,* or *gibes.* See vol. iii. page 45, note 11.

[8] *Quite cast down* or *dispirited;* the same as *mortified.*

We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessèd saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirpèd [1] from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expulsed from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your Honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wishèd end. [*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT *and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French march. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY *and his Forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:

[1] *Extirpèd* is but another form of *extirpated; rooted out.*

Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lovely babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
O, turn thy edgèd sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stainèd spots.

Bur. [*Aside.*] Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaim on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, — and mark but this for proof, —
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. [*Aside.*] I'm vanquishèd; these haughty[2] words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees. —
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours: —
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman,[3] — [*Aside.*] turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Haughty* in a good sense, for *lofty* or *high-spirited*. The usage was common.

[3] The inconstancy of the French was always a subject of satire. "I have read," says Johnson, "a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes."

SCENE IV. — *Paris. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER, VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT *and some of his* Officers.

Tal. My gracious Prince, — and honourable peers, —
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm — that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven wallèd towns of strength,
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem —
Lets fall his sword before your Highness' feet, [*Kneeling.*
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.
King. Is this Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my liege.
King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young, — as yet I am not old, —
I do remember[1] how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolvèd[2] of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore stand up; and, for these good deserts,

[1] Malone remarks that "Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never saw him."

[2] *Resolved*, again, for *assured* or *convinced*. See page 18, note 9.

We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours[3] that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York,
Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,[4]
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

[3] That is, the badge of a *rose.*

[4] By the ancient law, *fighting in the King's palace* or before the King's judges was *punished with death.* And still malicious striking in the King's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment, and fine at the King's pleasure, and also with loss of the offender's right hand.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Paris. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the* Governor *of Paris, and others.*

Glo. Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!
Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
[Governor *kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend [1]
Malicious practices against his State:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God! [2]
[*Exeunt* Governor *and his Train.*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of Burgundy.
[*Presenting it.*
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, — [*Plucks it off.*
Which I have done, — because unworthily
Thou wast installèd in that high degree. —

[1] *Pretend* and *pretence* were often used in the sense of *intend* or *purpose.* See vol. i. page 196, note 4.
[2] The crowning of King Henry at Paris took place December 17, 1431.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen besides,
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.[3]
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should — if I were worthy to be judge —
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death. —

[*Exit* FASTOLFE.

And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter

[3] *Most extremes* is *greatest extremities. More* and *most* were often used for *greater* and *greatest.*

Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath changed his style?
[*Viewing the superscription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly, *To the King?*
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good-will?
What's here? [Reads.] *I have, upon especial cause,—*
Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.
O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—
My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! yes, but that I'm prevented,[4]
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

[4] *Prevented* in its old sense of *anticipated* or *forestalled.*

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble Prince!

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!

King. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn [5] the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forgèd quaint [6] conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

[5] *Repugn* for *resist* or *fight against*, like the Latin *repugno*.

[6] *Quaint* here is *ingenious* or *artful*. Often so.

King. Good Lord, what madness rules in brain-sick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrâge
To trouble and disturb the King and us!—
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his Highness: good my lords, be friends.
King. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Besides, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified

That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father;
My tender years; and let us not forgo
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your Grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King* HENRY, GLOSTER, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, SUFFOLK, *and* BASSET.

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the King
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,

In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet Prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did, — but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managèd.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But, howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that he doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more when envy breeds unkind[7] division;
Thence comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, *with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall. —

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General *of the French Forces, and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would: Open your city-gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,

[7] *Envy*, as usual, for *malice* or *enmity*. *Unkind* for *unnatural*. See vol iii. page 191, note 3.

And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;[1]
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well-appointed,[2]
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery[3]
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.

[1] This old warlike trio is often alluded to by the Poet. And the figure seems to have been a favourite with others before him. So in the answer of Henry the Fifth to the citizens of Rouen, when he was besieging that city in 1419: "That the goddesse of battell, called Bellona, had three handmaidens ever of necessitie attending upon hir, as blood, fire, and famine. And whereas it laie in his choise to use them all three, yea, two, or one of them, at his pleasure, he had appointed onlie the meekest of those three damsels to punish them of that citie, till they were brought to reason."

[2] *Well-appointed* is *well-furnished, well-attended.* Often so.

[3] "To *rive* their dangerous artillery" is merely a figurative way of expressing to *discharge it.* To *rive* is to *burst;* and *burst* is applied by Shakespeare more than once to *thunder*, or to a similar sound.

Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, 'due[4] thee withal;
For, ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well-colourèd,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* General, *&c., from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy: —
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings. —
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be, then, in blood;[5]
Not rascal-like,[6] to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,

[4] '*Due* for *endue*, which was often used in the sense of *invest*.

[5] *In blood* is a term of the forest; a deer was said to be *in blood* when in vigour or in good condition, and full of courage. See vol. ii. page 49, note 1.

[6] This use of *rascal* is well explained by a passage from Verstegan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 1605: "As before I have showed how the ill names of beasts, in their most contemptible state, are in contempt applied to women; so is *rascall*, being the name of an ill-favoured, leane, and worthlesse *deere*, commonly applied unto such men as are held of no credit or worth." The figure is kept up by using *heads of steel* for *lances*, referring to the deer's horns.

And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plains in Gascony.*

Enter YORK, *with Forces; to him a* Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discoverèd
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.
York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promisèd supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renownèd Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am louted [1] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,

[1] *Louted* is *treated as a lout*, that is, *mocked*, or *made sport of*. So in the translation of Humphrey's treatise *Of Nobilytie*, 1563: "Pride it is to *lowte* men of lower sorte, or pore lasers, as is some men's guise." Also in Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*: "Ah woe is me, for from that houre to this she bides with him, where me they *lout* and scorn." And in *Ralph Roister Doister*: "He is *louted* and laughed to scorne for the veriest dolte."

Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset — who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets — were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of[2] this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death. —
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. —
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.[3] [*Exit with Forces.*

[2] "All *along of*" is an old phrase for *all because of.* So used repeatedly by Scott and Dickens.

[3] It has been observed already, that on the death of Bedford in 1435, York succeeded him in the regency of France. In 1437 he was superseded by Warwick, who dying about two years after, York was reappointed. In this office Somerset took special pains to cross and thwart him. The effects of their enmity are strongly stated by Holinshed: "The Duke of York, perceiving his evill will, openlie dissembled that which he inwardlie minded,

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture [4] of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,[5]
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. — *Other Plains in Gascony.*

Enter Somerset, *with his Forces; an* Officer *of* Talbot's *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Hither, my lord; from bought and sold [1] Lord Talbot;

either of them working things to the others displeasure, till, through malice and division betweene them, at length by mortall warre they were both consumed, with almost all their whole lines and offspring."

[4] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.

[5] "That man of ever-living memory," is the meaning.

[1] This phrase seems to have been proverbial for *utter ruin* caused by *foul play* or *treacherous practices.* So in *King John,* v. 4: "Fly, noble

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And, whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in disvantage[2] lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.[3]
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renownèd noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied Horse,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the Horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight;

English, you are *bought and sold*." And in Skelton's *Magnyfycence:* "Why, was not for money Troy bothe *bought and solde?*" See, also, vol. i. page 106, note 12.

[2] *Disvantage* for *disadvantage*. So in Drayton's *Poly-Olbion:* "That, had not his light-horse by *disvantageous* ground been hinder'd, he had struck the heart of Edward's host." In like manner, we have *disventure* for *disadventure*, in Skelton's *Don Quixote*.

[3] *Emulation* here means *factious* or *envious rivalry*. Often so.

Within six hours they will be at his aid.
Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then, adieu!
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his Son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But — O malignant and ill-boding stars! —
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,[1]
A terrible and unavoided[2] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

[1] To a field where death is to be feasted with slaughter.

[2] *Unavoided* for *unavoidable* or *inevitable*. The endings *-ed* and *-able* or *-ible* were often used indiscriminately, and Shakespeare has many instances of it. So in *King Richard III.*, iv. 4: "All *unavoided* is the doom of destiny." And so the Poet has *unvalued* for *invaluable*, *unnumbered* for *innumerable*, *individable* for *undivided*, &c.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard[3] should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I fly, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.
John. No part of him but will be shamed in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renownèd name: shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent,[4] then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:

[3] "*Your* regard" is regard, *concern*, or *care for yourself.*
[4] Here, as often, *apparent* is *evident*, *certain*, or *manifest.*

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to Heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *A Field of Battle.*

Alarums: excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son *is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? — Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.
John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined[1] time thou gavest new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen[2] and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans — that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood

[1] To *determine* is, literally, to set bounds or limits to a thing. Young Talbot therefore means that this rescue by his father has prolonged the period of life which had been *fixed* by the superiority of his foes.

[2] *Spleen* for *quickness* or *impetuosity*. The word was applied to all sorts of movements that are marked by suddenness, such as lightning, gunpowder explosions, instant bursts of passion, &c. See vol. iii. page 13, note 17.

Of thy first fight — I soon encounteréd,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay, —
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame, —
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame, —
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me [3] to the peasant boys of France,

[3] That is, *assimilate* me, *make* me *like*, or *reduce* me *to the level of* the peasant boys. — "*To be* shame's scorn" is *by being* shame's scorn; the *gerundial* infinitive, as it is called. See vol. i. page 207, note 12.

To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;[4]
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then, follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, cómmendable proved, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone:
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,[1]
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But, when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin,[2] and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart

[4] *Boot* is *profit, gain,* or *advantage:* in our phrase, "it is *of no use.*" Often so. — The phrase *an if,* occurring twice in this scene, is an old reduplication, equivalent simply to *if.* So the Poet uses *an,* or *if,* or *an if,* indifferently. See vol. ii. page 7, note 5.

[1] Death *stained* or *fouled with the dishonours of* captivity.

[2] That is, *tender of me in* my ruin, or *watching me tenderly.* So in the *Second Part,* iii. 1: "I *tender* so the safety of my liege." And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster,* iii. 1: "Something is done that will distract me, that will make me mad, if I behold thee: If thou *tender'st* me, let me not see thee." — *Ruin* is here used in the primitive sense of *fall.*

Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, *bearing the body of* JOHN TALBOT.

Tal. Thou antic death,[3] which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, wingèd through the lither sky,[4]
In thy despite, shall scape mortality. —
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe. —
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day. —
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers *and* Servant, *leaving the two bodies. Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, *the* Bastard *of Orleans,* LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,

[3] A *buffoon* or *merry-andrew* was called an *antic.* We have it repeatedly so. See vol. ii. page 145, note 22.

[4] *Lither* is *limber, pliant, yielding;* as in *Paradise Lost,* iv.: "The unwieldy elephant, to make them mirth, used all his might, and wreath'd his *lithe* proboscis." — *Sky* is here put for *air;* the meaning thus being much the same as in Milton's, "He with broad sails winnow'd the *buxom air*"; where *buxom* is used in its original sense of *pliant, yielding.*

We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,[5]
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: *Young Talbot was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglet[6] wench.
So, rushing in the bowels[7] of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhearsèd in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms![8]

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a French* Herald *preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? Hell our prison is.

5 *Wood* is an old word for *mad* or *furious*. See vol. iii. page 31, note 28.

6 *Giglet* is *giddy*, *wanton*. Cotgrave explains "*A minx, gigle, flirt, callet.*" See vol. vi. page 235, note 30.

7 So in *The First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605: "Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the *battle's bowels*."

8 "*Nurser* of his *harms*," if the text be right, must mean *nurse* of his *wounds*. In that case, *bloody* is *covered with blood*.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.
Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury;
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford,[9] Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Puc. Here is a silly-stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this. —
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze [10] the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.
Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud-commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

[9] *Wexford*, in Ireland, was anciently called *Washford* and *Weysford.*
[10] To *amaze* is to *strike with dismay* or *consternation.*

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But doubt not from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.—
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

King. Have you perused the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord: and their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto your Excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.
King. How doth your Grace effect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.
King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity [1] and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Besides, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,

[1] *Immanity* is *savageness, barbarity;* like the Latin *immanitas.*

The Earl of Armagnac — near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France —
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dower.
King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call th' ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate *and two* Ambassadors, *with* WINCHESTER, *now Cardinal* BEAUFORT, *and habited accordingly.*

Exe. [*Aside.*] What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?[2]
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.
King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean

[2] Beaufort's preferment to "a cardinal's degree" having happened about fifteen years back, it may seem strange that Exeter should now for the first time wonder at it as something new. This, however, is quite in keeping with other things in the same scene, such as the alleged youth of the King, who was at this time twenty-three years old. The point is well stated by Coleridge: "The history of our ancient kings, — the events of their reigns, I mean, — are like stars in the sky; — whatever the real interspaces may be, and however great, they seem close to each other. The stars — the events — strike us and remain in our eye, little modified by the difference of dates."

Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And, for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's Queen.

King. [*To the* Amb.] In argument and proof of which contrăct,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, *and* Ambassadors.

Car. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promisèd
Should be deliver'd to his Holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure. [*Exit*.

Car. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.—
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive
That neither in birth or for authority
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exit*.

SCENE II.—*France. Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, *the* Bastard *of Orleans*, REIGNIER, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces, marching*.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,

And turn again unto the warlike French.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.
Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed:
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Before Angiers.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly. —
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;[1]

[1] *Periapts* were certain written charms worn about the person as preservatives from disease and danger. Of these the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious. The following story is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "A cardinal, seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, serves *St. John's Gospel?* Alas, my lord, said the priest, these curs understand no Latin."

And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents;
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the North,[2]
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise! [*Thunder.*

Enter Fiends.

This speed and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful legions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk about, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where [3] I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, — my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil. [*They depart.*
See, they forsake me! Now the time is come,
That France must vail [4] her lofty-plumèd crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.

[2] The monarch of the North was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The North was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton assembles the rebel angels in the *North.*

[3] *Where* for *whereas*, a common usage in old writers. *Whereas* is also sometimes used for *where.*

[4] To *vail* is to *lower* or *let fall.* Often so.

My ancient incantations are too weak,
And Hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. La Pucelle *and* York *fight hand to hand:* La Pucelle *is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the Devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape!
Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surprised
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell banning[5] hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!
Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse awhile.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Suffolk, *leading in* Margaret.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace. [*Kissing her hand.*
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

[5] To *ban* is to *curse;* as indeed the context here shows.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, — whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, Nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*
O, stay! — [*Aside.*] I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the Sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.[6]
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable[7] not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy captive?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch.
Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk, — if thy name be so, —
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. [*Aside.*] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit
Before thou make a trial of her love?

[6] This comparison, made between things sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. Sidney, in his *Astrophel and Stella*, supports this explanation:

Lest if no vaile these brave gleams did disguise,
They, sunlike, should more dazzle than delight.

[7] To *disable* was to *dispraise*, or *impeach*.

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. [*Aside.*] She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom — yea or no?

Suf. [*Aside.*] Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. [*Aside.*] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling-card.[8]

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. [*Aside.*] And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. [*Aside.*] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my King: tush, that's a wooden thing![9]

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. [*Aside.*] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace establishèd between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain; are you not at leisure?

Suf. [*Aside.*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield. —
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. [*Aside.*] What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

[8] A *cooling card* was most probably a card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary. Metaphorically, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Island Princess*: "These hot youths, I fear, will find a *cooling card*."

[9] That is, an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed. It is sport to see a bold fellow out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and *wooden* posture.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. [*Aside.*] Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause —
Mar. [*Aside.*] Tush, women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. I pr'ythee, lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo.*
Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's Queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to —
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam? are ye so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth! —
[*Troops come forward.*
And, madam, at your father's castle-walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. —

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER *on the walls.*

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent — and, for thy honour, give consent —
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face,[10] or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
Suf. And here, my lord, I will expect thy coming.
[*Exit* REIGNIER *from the walls.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your Honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her, — little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord, —
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the counties Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

[10] To *face* was sometimes used for to carry a false appearance, to play the hypocrite. Hence one of the persons in Jonson's *Alchemist* is named *Face.*

Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king: —
[*Aside.*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. —
I'll over, then, to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So, farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince King Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise, and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but, hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his Majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint [11] with love, I send the King.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume

[11] *Taint* for *tainted.* The Poet has many preterites formed in the same way; as *heat* for *heated*, *hoist* for *hoisted*, *quit* for *quitted*, *waft* or *wafted*, &c. So, again, near the end of this play: "My tender youth was never yet *attaint* with any passion of inflaming love." — Both *taint* and *attaint* here mean *touched.*

To send such peevish [12] tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! — But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Camp of the Duke of* YORK *in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless [1] cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! [2] base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out! — My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:

[12] *Trifling* and *foolish* are among the old meanings of *peevish.*

[1] *Timeless* for *untimely.* So in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy:* "Thy strength was buried in his *timeless* death." See vol. i, page 201, note 1.

[2] *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a *miserable creature*, in which sense it was often used.

Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle![3]
God knows thou art a collop[4] of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peasant, avaunt! — You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother. —
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursèd be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursèd drab? —
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on Earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:

[3] *Obstacle* was used to be put into the mouths of rustic or illiterate speakers, for *obstinate.*

[4] *Collop* for *part* or *portion.* See vol. vii. page 148, note 20.

But you, — that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices, —
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceivers! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of Heaven.

York. Ay, ay: — away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortenèd.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts? —
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege. —
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now Heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, well, go to; we'll have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel![5]

[5] The character of Machiavel seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatic writers of the age, that he is many times intro-

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious Sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!

[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursèd minister of Hell![6]

duced without regard to anachronism. So in *The Valiant Welshman*, 1615: "Read *Machiavel;* princes that would aspire must mock at hell."

[6] Joan of Arc was burnt, as "an agent of the devil," at Rouen, May 30, 1431. The inhuman sentence was the result of an ecclesiastical trial, at which the Bishop of Beauvais presided, she having been taken in his diocese. Yet the violence of her enemies was not so cruel as the neglect of those who ought to have been her friends. The matter is thus stated by Lingard: "If ever prince were indebted to a subject, Charles VII. was indebted to Joan of Arc. She had dispelled the terror with which success had invested the English arms, had reanimated the courage of the French soldiery, and had firmly established the King on the throne of his ancestors. Yet, from the moment of her captivity she appears to have been forgotten. We read not of any sum offered for her ransom, or attempt made to alleviate the rigour of her confinement, or notice taken of her trial and execution."

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your Excellence
With letters of commission from the King.
For know, my lords, the States of Christendom,
Moved with remorse [7] of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and th' aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquerèd?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and sévere covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, *the* Bastard *of Orleans,* REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informèd by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,

[7] *Remorse* is *pity* or *compassion*. Generally so in Shakespeare.

By sight of these our baleful enemies.
Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alen. Must he be, then, a shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,[8]
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.
York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit[9] proceeding from our King,

[8] *Coronet* is here used for *crown.*
[9] "Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our King." *Benefit* is here a term of law.

And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. [*Aside to* CHARLES.] My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contráct:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. [*Aside to* CHARLES.] To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall;
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,—
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
[CHARLES *and the rest give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:

Her virtues, gracèd with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And, like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame —
Had I sufficient skill to utter them —
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.
King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume. —
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal Queen.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your Highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we, then, dispense with that contràct,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph[1] having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:

[1] A *triumph* formerly signified a public exhibition or performance; such as a tournament, masque, or revel.

A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. O, yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Besides, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse'.
But marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:[2]
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forcèd but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

[2] By the intervention of another man's choice; one acting as agent, yet following his own discretion or judgment.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joinèd with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit—
More than in women commonly is seen—
Will answer hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
Across the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed Queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexèd with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure [3] me by what you were,

[3] Here, as usual in Shakespeare, to *censure* is to *judge*. "If, in judging me, you remember what you were in your youth."

Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EXETER.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the King;
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [*Exit.*

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 8. *Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long.* — So Pope. The old text has "*King* Henry the Fift." Perhaps it were better to read "King Henry Fifth," as Walker suggests.

P. 10. *When at their mother's* moist *eyes babes shall suck.* — So the second folio. The first has "*moistned* eyes."

P. 10. *Our isle be made a* marish *of salt tears.* — The original has *Nourish* instead of *marish.* Corrected by Pope. Lettsom thinks the author had in mind Ezekiel, xlvii. 11, thus translated in the Bible of 1578: "But the myrie places thereof, and the *marises* thereof shall not be wholesome: they shall be made salt-pits."

P. 10. *A far more glorious star thy soul will make*
Than Julius Cæsar or bright Berenice. — The original has a blank instead of *Berenice*, which was added by Johnson, and is strongly approved by Walker. Probably, as Malone observes, the blank "arose from the transcriber's or compositor's not being able to make out the name."

P. 10. *Guienne, Champagne, Rheims,* Rouen, *Orleans.* — The original omits *Rouen,* which Capell supplied from Gloster's next speech.

P. 11. *One would have lingering wars, with little cost;*
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man *thinks, without expense at all,* &c. — So the second folio. The first has "A third thinkes." Dyce reads "*And* a third thinks."

P. 11. *Were our tears wanting to this funeral,*
These tidings would call forth their *flowing tides.* — So Theobald. The old text has "*her* flowing Tides." A palpable error.

P. 12. *Having* scarce full *six thousand in his troop.* — The original reads "Having *full scarce* six thousand." Rowe's correction.

P. 12. *Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he* flew. — The original has *slew* instead of *flew.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 13. *If Sir John* Fastolfe *had not play'd the coward.* — Here, and throughout the play, the original misprints *Falstaffe.* The error is readily corrected from Holinshed.

P. 14. *The King from Eltham I intend to* steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. — So Mason and Collier's second folio. The original has *send* instead of *steal.*

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 15. The whiles *the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,* &c. — So Capell and Collier's second folio. The old text has "*Otherwhiles,* the famisht English."

P. 15. *Let's raise the siege: why* lie *we idly here?* — So Walker. The original has *live* instead of *lie.* The two words were often confounded.

P. 15. *Him I forgive my death that killeth me*
When he sees me go back one foot or flee. — The old text has *flye* instead of *flee.* Corrected from Collier's second folio.

P. 16. *And hunger will enforce them be more eager.* — The old text reads "enforce them *to* be." The Poet very often omits *to* in such cases.

P. 18. *Heaven and our* gracious Lady *hath it pleased*
To shine on my contemptible estate. — The old text reads "our *Lady gracious.*" Walker says, "Surely, 'our *gracious Lady.*'"

P. 18. *Deck'd with* five *flower-de-luces on each side.* — The original has *fine* for *five.* Holinshed corrects the error.

P. 18. *Then come, o' God's name; I* do *fear no woman.* — So Walker. The old text reads "I fear."

P. 20. *How may I* reverent *worship thee enough?* — The old text has *reverently.* Capell substituted *ever,* which Lettsom says "is required for the sense as well as for the metre."

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 20. *Who's there that* knocketh *so imperiously?* — So Theobald. The old text has *knocks.*

P. 21. *We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.* — So Pope. The old text reads "*Or* wee'le burst them open, if *that* you come not quickly."

P. 24. *Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.* — The original reads "as e'er thou canst, *cry*": where *cry* was evidently meant as a stage-direction, but got misprinted, *ut sæpe,* as a part of the text.

P. 24. *Gloster, we'll meet; to thy* dear *cost, be sure.* — So the second folio. The first lacks *dear.*

P. 24. *Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;*
For I intend to have it off *ere long.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies omit *off.* — It may be well to remark here, that the Protector's name is sometimes two syllables and sometimes three, *Gloster* and *Gloucester;* and that I print it *Gloucester* where the verse requires it so, though in the original it is uniformly printed *Gloster.*

P. 24. *Good God,* that *nobles should such stomachs bear!* — So Rowe. The old text has *these* instead of *that.*

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 25. *The Prince's 'spials have informèd me*
How th' English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, *through a secret grate of iron bars*
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city. — The old text has *Went* instead of *Wont.* Corrected by Tyrwhitt.

P. 26. *The* Duke *of Bedford had a prisoner.*—The original reads "The *Earle* of Bedford"; an obvious error.

P. 26. *Rather than I would be so* vile-*esteem'd.*—The original has "be so *pil'd* esteem'd."

P. 27. *Here, through this* secret *grate, I count each one,*
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.—So Dyce, having in view the previous line, "Wont, through a *secret grate* of iron bars," &c. The original lacks *secret;* and the second folio completes the verse thus: "Here, through this grate I *can* count *every* one."

P. 28. *Plantagenet, I will; and,* Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.—Here *Nero-like* is from the second folio. Instead of "and, *Nero-like,*" the first folio has "and *like thee.*" Walker conjectures "and, like *the Roman.*"

P. 29. *Convey me Salisbury into his tent:*
Then try we *what these dastard Frenchmen dare.*—The original reads "*And* then *wee'le try* what." The reading in the text was proposed by Steevens. Walker proposes "And then try what."

Act i., Scene 5.

P. 30. *Go, go cheer up thy* hunger-*starvèd men.*—The original has "thy *hungry*-starved men."

P. 30. *Sheep run not half so* timorous *from the wolf.*—The old text has *treacherous* instead of *timorous*, which is Pope's correction.

P. 31. *Rescued is Orleans from the English* wolves:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. *Divinest creature,* bright *Astræa's daughter,*
How shall I honour thee for this success?—So the second folio. The original lacks *wolves* in the first line, and *bright* in the third. Some editors still follow the first folio on the ground that *English* and *creature* are trisyllables here.

P. 31. *Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?*
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires.—So Pope. The original reads "Why ring not out the Bells *alowd,* Throughout the Towne?"

P. 31. *A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear*
Than Rhodope's of *Memphis ever was.*— The old text reads "Then Rhodophe's *or* Memphis ever was." The correction is Capell's. I suspect it should be "Rhodope's *at* Memphis"; for, in fact, Rhodope was not of that city, but of Thrace. Ritson notes upon the passage thus: "The meaning is — not that Rhodope herself was of Memphis, but — that her pyramis was there. 'I will rear to her,' says the Dauphin, 'a pyramid more stately than that of Memphis, which was called Rhodope's.' Pliny says the pyramids were six miles from that city; and that 'the fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of *one Rhodope*, a verie strumpet.'" See foot-note 4.

Act II., Scene 1.

P. 34. Bed. *Agreed: I'll to yond corner.*
Bur. *I to this.*
Tal. *And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.*— The original reads, in the second speech, "*And* I to this." I have no doubt that *And* is an interpolation, as Dyce suggests. Pope omitted it.

Act II., Scene 4.

P. 42. *Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;*
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in error?— The original reads "in *th'* error." See foot-note 2.

P. 44. *I scorn thee and thy* faction, *peevish boy.*— The original has *fashion* instead of *faction*. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 47. *Thanks, gentle* sir.— So the second folio. The first lacks *sir*.

Act II., Scene 5.

P. 48. *Richard Plantagenet, friend, is he come?*— The original has "Plantagenet, *my* friend." Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 49. *I will, if that my* failing *breath permit.*— So Walker. The old copies have "my *fading* breath."

P. 49. *Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,*
Deposed his cousin *Richard.* — The old copies have "his *nephew* Richard." Some modern editors retain the old reading on the ground of *nephew* having been sometimes used for *cousin.* Rowe's correction.

P. 52. *Either to be restorèd to my blood,*
Or make my ill *th' advantage of my good.* — So Theobald. The original has *will* instead of *ill.*

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 54. *Am I not* Lord *Protector, saucy priest?* — So Walker. The old text omits *Lord.*

P. 54. Win. This *Rome shall remedy.*
War. *Roam thither, then.*
Som. *My lord, it were your duty to forbear.*
War. *Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.*
Som. *Methinks my lord should be religious,* &c. — So Theobald. In the old text, the first of these speeches reads "Rome shall remedie *this.*" Also, the third speech is printed as a continuation of the second, and the fifth as a continuation of the fourth, with the prefix "*Som.*"

P. 56. *We, and our wives and children, all will fight,*
And leave *our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.* — So Walker. The old text reads "And *have* our bodies slaughter'd."

P. 56. *My Lord Protector,* yield; —*yield, Winchester.* — The old text reads "*Yeeld* my Lord Protector." Pope's correction.

P. 58. *If Richard will be true, not that alone,*
But all the whole inheritance I give, &c. — So the second folio. The first has "not that *all* alone"; the word *all* having no doubt been repeated by mistake from the next line.

P. 58. *Thy humble servant vows obedience*
And faithful *service till the point of death.* — So Pope. The old text has "And *humble* service"; doubtless another accidental repetition.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 60. *Now she is there, how will she specify*
Where *is the best and safest passage in?*—The old text has *Here* instead of *Where*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 63. *Captains, away! let's get us from the walls;*
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—
God b' wi', my lord! we came up *but to tell you*
That we are here.—In the first of these lines, the original reads *Away, Captaines*, and, in the third, "we came but to tell you"; where both sense and metre require "came *up*." The second folio reads "we came, *sir*, but to tell you"; which answers for the metre, but not for the sense; for the meaning required is, not that we came *to the place*, but that we came *upon the walls*. The insertion of *up* is Lettsom's.

P. 64. Let *Heavens have glory for this victory!*—So Dyce. The old text has *Yet* instead of *Let*.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 67. *As looks the mother on her* lovely *babe.*—So Warburton and Collier's second folio. The old text has "her *lowly* babe."

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 69. *Is this Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester?*—The old text reads "Is this *the* Lord Talbot."

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 72. *This dastard, at the battle of* Patay, &c.—So Capell. The original has "battle of *Poictiers*."

P. 73. *Or doth this churlish superscription*
Portend *some alteration in good-will?*—So Walker and Collier's second folio. The old text has *Pretend* instead of *Portend*. The Poet often uses *pretend* for *intend* or *design;* but that sense does not answer here.

P. 73. My lord, how say you? *are you not content?* — So Pope. The old text reads "How say you, my lord?"

P. 77. An *if I* wist *he did, — but let it rest;*
Other affairs must now be managéd. — The old text reads "*And* if I *wish* he did." Corrected by Capell.

P. 77. *But that* he *doth presage some ill event.* — The old text has "But that *it* doth presage." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 77. Thence *comes the ruin, there begins confusion.* — The original reads "*There* comes the ruin," and the second folio changes *There* to *Then*. The reading in the text is Walker's.

Act iv., Scene 2.

P. 78. *If you forsake the offer of* our *love.* — So Hanmer. The original has "offer of *their* love." The context clearly requires *our*.

Act iv., Scene 4.

P. 82. Som. *How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?*
Lucy. Hither, *my lord;* &c. — The old text has *Whither* instead of *Hither;* clearly an accidental repetition from the line before. Corrected by Pope.

P. 83. *To beat assailing death from his weak* legions. — The original has "from his weak *Regions*." The same misprint occurs repeatedly. Rowe's correction.

P. 83. *And whiles the honourable captain there*
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in disvantage *lingering, looks for rescue,* &c. — The old text has "in *advantage* lingring." The correction is Lettsom's. See foot-note 2.

P. 83. *Orleans the Bastard, Charles* and *Burgundy,*
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about, &c. — So the second folio. The first lacks *and* in the first line.

P. 83. *And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims,*
Swearing that you withhold his levied Horse. — The original has *hoast* instead of *Horse*, which the next speech shows to be right. Corrected by Hanmer, on Theobald's conjecture.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 85. *You fled for vantage, every one will swear;*
But, if I fly, *they'll say it was for fear.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "if I *bow*." Walker proposes "if I *go*."

P. 85. *No part of him but will be* shamed *in me.* — The old text has *shame* instead of *shamed*. Corrected by Walker.

ACT IV., SCENE 7.

P. 88. *When he perceived me* shrink and *on my knee,*
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me. — Lettsom proposes to read "perceived me *sinking* on my knee." Rightly, I suspect.

P. 90. *Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,*
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day. — In the original the second of these lines reads "*To know* who hath obtain'd the glory of the day." But the context clearly implies that the speaker already knew this. And in the fourth line after, the same speaker says, "I come *to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en*." Hanmer reads as in the text.

P. 91. *But tell me whom thou seek'st.*
Lucy. Where is *the great Alcides of the field?* — The original has "*But where's* the great Alcides," &c.; *But* being evidently repeated by mistake from the preceding line. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 92. *But* doubt not *from their ashes shall be rear'd*
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard. — The original reads "but from their ashes," &c. Pope fills up the verse thus: "But from their ashes, *Dauphin*," &c.; Collier's second folio thus: "But from their *very* ashes," &c. The reading in the text is Lettsom's. It is not easy to choose between this and Pope's.

P. 92. *So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.*—The old text has "do *with him* what thou wilt." Pope's correction.

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 93. *The Earl of Armagnac — near* kin *to Charles—*
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dower.—In the first of these lines the old text has *knit* instead of *kin*. Corrected by Pope. Also, in the third, *Dowrie* instead of *dower*. Corrected by Walker.

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 96. *This* speed *and quick appearance argues proof*, &c.—So Walker. The old text has "This *speedy* and quick appearance."

P. 96. *Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd*
Out of the powerful legions *under earth,*
Help me this once.—The original has *Regions* instead of *legions*. The same misprint occurs once before in this play, iv. 4: "To beate assayling death from his weake *Regions*."

P. 97. *For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,*
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace.—So Capell. In the old text the last two of these lines are transposed.

P. 98. *So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,*
Keeping them prisoners *underneath* her *wings*.—The original has "Keeping them *prisoner* underneath *his* wings." Corrected in the second and third folios.

P. 98 *Hast not a tongue? is she not here* thy captive?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch.—In the first of these lines, the words *thy captive* are wanting in the original. They, or something equivalent to them, are plainly needful to the sense. The second folio adds *thy prisoner;* which gives the same sense, but overfills the verse. Besides, we have, within a few lines, "thou art my *prisoner*," and "I am thy *prisoner*."—Again, in the

fourth line, the old text reads "makes the senses *rough*"; which is stark nonsense. The correction in the text is Hanmer's, and accords very well with the context. Dyce quotes a similar expression from Byron's *Island:* "How every *sense bows* to your *beauties*."

P. 100. Suf. I pr'ythee, *lady, wherefore talk you so?*
Mar. *I cry you mercy; 'tis but* quid *for* quo.—The words *I pr'ythee* are wanting in the original. As a rhyming couplet was evidently intended, there should of course be no such gap in the line. Capell reads "*Nay, hear me,* lady"; Collier's second folio, "Lady, *pray tell me*." Either of these might answer as well as that in the text; which is Dyce's reading.

P. 100. Suf. *I'll undertake to make thee Henry's Queen;*
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to—
Mar. *What?*
Suf. *His love.*—In the third of these lines, the original reads "If thou wilt condescend to *be my*—." But the context clearly shows the words *be my* to be an interpolation. The reading in the text was proposed by Steevens.

P. 101. *And here,* my lord, *I will expect thy coming.*—So Dyce. The words *my lord* are wanting in the original. A few lines before, Suffolk has addressed Reignier, "Yes, there is remedy enough, *my lord*."

P. 101. *Upon condition I may quietly*
Enjoy mine own, the counties *Maine and Anjou.*—The old text has "the *Country* Maine and Anjou." Theobald's correction.

P. 103. *Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,*
And *natural graces that extinguish art.*—So Capell. The old text has *Mad* instead of *And.*

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 104. *First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:*
Not one *begotten of a shepherd swain,*
But issued from the progeny of kings.—The old text reads "Not *me* begotten," &c. An obvious error, hardly worth noting.

P. 105. *No,* misconceivers! *Joan of Arc hath been*
A virgin from her tender infancy. — The old text has *misconceived* instead of *misconceivers.*

P. 105. *Well,* well, *go to; we'll have no bastards live.* — So Capell and Walker. The old text reads "Well, go to," &c.

P. 107. *Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes*
The hollow passage of my prison'd *voice.* — The original has "my *poyson'd* voyce." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 108. *Must he be, then,* a *shadow of himself?* — The old text has "Must he be then *as* shadow." Corrected in the fourth folio.

Act v., Scene 5.

P. 111. O, *yes, my lord, her father is a king.* — So Dyce. The original lacks *O,* at the beginning of this line. The second folio completes the metre by printing "Yes, my *good* lord."

P. 111. But *marriage is a matter of more worth,* &c. — So the second folio. The first omits *But.*

P. 111. *And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,*
It *most of all these reasons bindeth us,*
In our opinions she should be preferr'd. — The original lacks *It* in the second line. Supplied by Rowe.

P. 112. *Will answer hope in issue of a king.* — So Steevens and Lettsom. The old text has "Will answer *our* hope."

P. 112. *That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come*
Across *the seas to England,* &c. — So Walker. The old text reads "*To cross* the seas."

KING HENRY VI. PART SECOND.

NEVER printed that we know of, with its present title or in its present form, till in the folio of 1623. The folio copy, however, is but an alteration and enlargement of an earlier form, which was published in quarto in 1594, and entitled *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster*. No author's name is there given, nor is it stated by what company the play had been performed. And the facts touching The Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth* are so nearly the same, that it seems best to speak of the two together. This, also, as given in the folio, is but an alteration and improvement of an earlier form, which was issued in 1595, in quarto, and entitled *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*. In this case, however, the name or title of the company is given: "As it was sundry times acted by the Right-Honourable the Earl of Pembroke's Servants." Both pieces were issued again in 1600, the text, the titles, and the publisher being all the same as in the former. A third edition of both plays was put forth by another publisher in 1619, in the title-page of which "William Shakespeare" is printed as the name of the author. It is not to be supposed that either the withholding of the author's name in the first two issues, or the giving of it in the third, proves any thing as to the real authorship one way or the other; for, on the one hand, several of Shakespeare's plays were first issued without his name, and, on the other hand, his name was repeatedly given in the case of plays that he had no hand in writing.

For convenience of thought and language, I shall henceforth designate *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* as the quarto editions of The Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. For, in these plays as given in the folio, with a few trifling exceptions the entire plan, arrangement, concep-

tion, character, and more than half the language word for word, are all the same as in the corresponding earlier editions. Mr. Grant White, in his *Essay on the Authorship of King Henry the Sixth*, has elaborated the theme with great minuteness and care; and his account of the matter foots up as follows: The Second Part contains 3057 lines, of which 1479 are adopted or altered from the quarto, thus leaving 1578 lines as original in the folio; while the Third Part has 2879 lines, of which 1931 are adopted or altered from the quarto; so that here we have but 948 new lines in the folio. Or, taking the two Parts together, we have in all 5936 lines, of which only 2526 are new in the folio, thus leaving 3410, or nearly two thirds of the whole, as adopted or altered from the quartos. And of the alterations a large part, certainly not less than half, are very slight, often not going beyond a change of epithet or a verbal transposition, and nowise effecting the sense. In many cases, moreover, the folio presents a judicious elaboration and expansion of old thoughts, with little or no addition of new ones. In the Second Part, again, the alterations and additions are in the main diffused pretty equally through the whole play; while in the Third Part the additions come much more in large masses, some entire scenes being mostly new in the folio, and others nearly the same as in the quarto. All together, therefore, it may be safely affirmed, that of the two plays the whole conception and more than half the execution are precisely the same in the quarto and folio copies.

This brings me to the question of the authorship of the two plays as printed in 1594 and 1595. And here, again, as in case of the First Part, we have a wide diversity of opinions. Stated in the briefest terms, one theory is, that Shakespeare had no hand at all in the original composition; another, that he was the sole author of the plays in their original form; while a third finds them to be the joint workmanship of Shakespeare, Robert Greene, and Christopher Marlowe. These theories have each their advocates, who support them with a formidable array of arguments; Malone being the principle one for the first, Knight for the second, and Grant White for the third. The arguments, even in the briefest possible statement of them, would stretch far beyond my present limits; so that I can do little more than

set forth the conclusion I have reached upon the whole matter. As I have no fourth theory to offer, nor any ambition to excogitate one, I am content to tie up substantially with Mr. White: That the two plays were originally written conjointly by Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare, the latter doing much the larger portion; that afterwards, for reasons unknown to us, Shakespeare rewrote them, throwing out most of what the other two had contributed, and replacing it with his own matter, and otherwise improving them; that this joint authorship was the reason of no author's name being given in the first two editions; and that Greene's share in them, perhaps Marlowe's also, sufficiently accounts for the use made of them, or of one of them, by "the Earl of Pembroke's Servants," a theatrical company with which Shakespeare is not known or believed to have had any connection.

Mr. White, I think, clearly and conclusively identifies several passages, one of them extending to twenty consecutive lines, in the quarto form of these plays, as the workmanship of Greene; which passages are entirely excluded from the folio copy. This identification proceeds chiefly by means of a certain trick or mannerism, perhaps I should say vulgarism, of style, as in the line, "And charm the fiends *for to* obey your wills," which occurs repeatedly in the quartos, but not once in the folio; and instances of which abound in Greene's acknowledged works. What with this, and what with two or three other little idioms of manner, Mr. White, it seems to me, leaves no room for doubt that Greene had a hand in the original writing of the plays. He also urges, and, I think, proves, that the quarto form has a great many passages, some of them including from fifty to a hundred successive lines, which, while confessedly far beyond the reach of Greene, are at the same time so different, in style, imagery, and conception, from all that Marlowe is known to have produced before that time, that no one, with the matter fairly in his eye, could think of ascribing them to him. I say *before that time*, because, as we shall presently see, the original form of the plays now in hand must have been in being before 1592; whereas Marlowe's *Edward the Second*, which is much the best of his plays, was in all probability of later production, nothing being

heard of it till July, 1593: so that while writing it the influence, or the inspiration, of Shakespeare may well be supposed to have been something strong upon him; there being withal only two months' difference in their ages.

Matters, I believe, are now ready for what may be justly regarded as the most important item of evidence that has come down to us touching this question.—Greene, after a brief bad life, died, forsaken, repentant, and miserable, at the house of a poor shoemaker in London on the 3d of September, 1592. It appears that his latest work was in writing a pamphlet entitled *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, which, soon after his death, was given to the public by Henry Chettle. Near the close of this tract, Greene makes an *Address* "to those Gentlemen his *quondam* acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays." The names of these "gentlemen" are not mentioned, but are well understood to be Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Lodge, and George Peele, all popular playwrights of the time. After exhorting each of them in turn, he proceeds with the following addressed to the three in common:

"Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned: for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnish'd in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whom they all have been beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country. O, that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions!"

It is well understood on all hands, that the words *upstart crow* and *Shake-scene* refer to Shakespeare. And it is evident that this spiteful squib, while touching others only as players, was meant to hit him both as a player and as a writer. For, as the

three whom Greene is exhorting are regarded only as authors of plays, so what is said about "bombasting out a blank-verse" must refer to Shakespeare as an author. Now it is generally admitted that Marlowe was the first to make use of blank-verse in dramatic composition for the public stage. So that a part of the slur on Shakespeare is, that he is rivalling or trying to rival Marlowe in this his most judicious and most fruitful innovation. And the words "beautified with our feathers" naturally infer the charge upon Shakespeare of having stealthily enriched or adorned his workmanship as an author from what Greene and Marlowe had written. And all this meaning is aptly driven home and clinched by the parody of one of Shakespeare's own lines in The Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, i. 4, "O, tiger's heart wrapp'd in a *woman's* hide!" which would naturally suggest the plays now in hand as the particular matter wherein the writer supposed himself to have been wronged. And with all this agrees a passage in a tract called *Greene's Funerals*, 1594:

> Nay, more; the men that so eclipsed his fame
> *Purloin'd his plumes;* can they deny the same?

So that my conclusion upon the whole subject is this: That as early, perhaps, as 1590, Shakespeare, in conjunction with Greene and Marlowe, had written the original form of the two plays in question; and that some time before Greene's death he had withdrawn from all partnership or joint authorship with those worthies, and had rewritten the plays into the form they now bear, throwing out the most of what the others had done, but retaining or slightly altering more or less of their work; enough to give some colour at least to the charge of having beautified himself with their feathers. I think this view fairly meets all the known facts and all the clear aspects of the case, and that it is the only one at all reconcilable with the poetical and dramatic characteristics of the plays in their later form, both in themselves and as compared with the same in their earlier form.

The action of this play extends from the arrival of Queen Margaret in England, May, 1445, till the first battle of St. Alban's, May, 1455. Except in one instance, the leading events of the drama come along in their actual order. That exception is

the proceedings in the case of Dame Eleanor, which really occurred several years before the opening of the play. Her crime and disgrace, however, are properly represented here, as they had a large share in bringing about the fall of her husband, while his fall had in turn much to do in kindling the fierce domestic wars that form the main subject of this and the following play. Besides, the matter in question furnishes occasion for a most characteristic passage between the Duchess and the Queen, though in fact they never met; thus giving an early taste of the haughty and vindictive temper, the indomitable energy, and the fire-spouting tongue, which marked the whole course of Margaret, fitting her to be, as in truth she was, the constant provoker and stirrer-up of hatreds and strifes.

In all other points the opening of the present play takes up the thread of history precisely where it was left at the close of the First Part. And the proceedings of the Second Part, in the main, grow forth naturally and in course from the principles of the First; the two plays being as closely interwoven as any two Acts of either. The passages of humour interspersed through the scenes of Cade and his followers are nearly the same in the quarto form of the play as in the folio. As these abound in the right Shakespeare flavour, it is out of the question for Greene or Marlowe to have written them, neither of whom seems to have had any humour at all in his composition. And it is remarkable that the strong instinct and impulse of humour seem in this case to have put the Poet upon blending together the elements of two widely-separated passages of history; the persons and events being those of the insurrection known as Jack Cade's, while the sentiments and designs are the same, in part, as became matter of history some seventy years before in the rebellion of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. After the quelling of Cade's insurrection, which was in July, 1450, the Poet overleaps the events, with one exception, of more than four years, and enters upon the preliminaries of the battle of St. Alban's, which was the first ripe fulfilment of the presage and promise given out far back in the scene of the Temple Garden, and the forethought of which is more or less apparent in the whole preceding matter of the dramatic series.

KING HENRY VI. PART SECOND.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster.
HENRY BEAUFORT, Cardinal.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.
EDMUND BEAUFORT, Duke of Somerset.
POLE, Duke of Suffolk,
STAFFORD, Duke of Buckingham,
THOMAS LORD CLIFFORD,
JOHN CLIFFORD, his Son, } Lancastrians.
NEVILLE, Earl of Salisbury,
His Son, Earl of Warwick, } Yorkists.
LORD SAY.
LORD SCALES, Governor of Tower.
Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD.
WILLIAM, his Brother.
Sir JOHN STANLEY.
WALTER WHITMORE.
A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's Mate.
VAUX. MATTHEW GOUGH.
Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk.
HUME and SOUTHWELL, Priests.
BOLINGBROKE, a Conjurer.
A Spirit raised by him.
THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer.
PETER, his Man.
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of St. Albans.
SIMPCOX, an Imposter.
Two Murderers.
JACK CADE, a Rebel.
GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, MICHAEL, SMITH the Weaver, and Others. } his Followers.
ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.

MARGARET, Queen to Henry VI.
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloster.
MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch.
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; a Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE. — *In various parts of England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *London. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, *the Duke of* GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and*

Cardinal BEAUFORT; *on the other, Queen* MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and others following.*

Suf. As by your high imperial Majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace;
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I did perform my task, and was èspoused:
And humbly now, upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.

King. Suffolk, arise. — Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. — O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For Thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-liefest[1] sovereign,

[1] *Alder-liefest* is *dearest of all;* from *alder, all,* and *liefest,* the superlative of *liefe* or *lieve, dear.* The word, though pretty much obsolete in

Makes me the bolder to salute my King
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words yclad with wisdom's majesty,
Make me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content. —
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. [*Kneeling.*] Long live Queen Margeret, England's happiness! [*Flourish.*

Queen. We thank you all.

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [Reads.] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French King Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.* Item, *that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the King her father;* —

King. Uncle, how now!

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Shakespeare's time, was occasionally used by the older writers. So in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*, Book iii. v. 239: "Mine *alderlevest* lord, and brother dere." The German has *allerliebst*, and the Dutch *allerliefste*, in the same sense. *Alder* also occurs in composition with other words, as *alderbest*, *alderfirst*, *alderlast*, *aldermost*, all in Chaucer.

Car. [Reads.] Item, *It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine*[2] *shall be released and delivered over to the King her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*

King. They please us well. — Lord marquess, kneel thee down:
We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. — Cousin of York,
We here discharge your Grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired. — Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.
[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field
In Winter's cold and Summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?

[2] The wording of the instrument seems to have changed rather oddly in passing from Gloster's hand to Beaufort's. Some would account for this by supposing that Gloster's sudden dimness of vision causes him to misread the words; but the author has too many such discrepancies to admit of being explained in that way. An oversight, probably.

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learnèd Council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the Council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his Highness in his infancy
Crownèd in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?[3]
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,[4]
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style[5]

[3] *Circumstance* for *circumstantial detail.* Repeatedly so.

[4] This word ought perhaps to be *roost.* However, Richardson explains it, "to rule *the roast,* as king of the feast, orderer, purveyor, president"; and he adds, "or may it not be to rule the *roost,* an expression of which every poultry-yard would supply an explanation?" So in Bishop Jewell's *Defence:* "Geate you nowe up into your pulptes like bragginge cockes on the *rowst,* flappe your whinges, and crowe out aloude."

[5] The *large style* is the string of grand swelling titles with which Reignier

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy: —
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?[6]

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starved in France,

flourishes his name; a parcel of big words, as if he were an emperor, but all signifying nothing.

[6] The Salisbury of this play was Richard Neville, second son to Ralph Neville, who figures in *Henry IV.* as Earl of Westmoreland. Richard was married to Alice, the only child and heir of Thomas Montacute, the Earl of Salisbury who was killed at the siege of Orleans in 1428; and thus brought that earldom into the Neville family. His oldest son, Richard, again, was married to Anne, the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and so succeeded to that earldom in 1449. Shakespeare, though he rightly makes Warwick the son of Salisbury, attributes to him the acts of Richard Beauchamp, the Earl of Warwick who figures in the preceding play. See page 42, note 4.

Before —

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my lord the King.

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings. —
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the West,
There's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him *Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster;*
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!
With *God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!*
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself? —
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the Princes in the land besides:
If Gloster be displaced, he'll be protector.

Buck. Thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the Cardinal.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal —
More like a soldier than a man o' the Church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all —
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal. —
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,[7]
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey: —
And, brother York,[8] thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;

[7] *Housekeeping* here means *hospitality.* The leading noblemen of that age often kept very large and well-loaded tables, which were open to any who might choose to come and eat.

[8] The present Duke of York married Cicely, daughter to Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan his first wife, who, again, was daughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford. Salisbury was the son of Westmoreland by a second wife. Of course therefore York's wife was *half-sister* to the Earl of Salisbury.

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people: —
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the Cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend to profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. [*Aside.*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost, —
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle[9] point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleased
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
'Tis mine they give away, and not their own.

[9] *Tickle* for *ticklish*, meaning *unsteady*, or *tottering*. So in Spenser's fragment, *Of Mutabilitie*, vii. 22:

O weake life, that does leane
On things so *tickle* as th' unsteady Ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire.

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
Whileas [10] the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his helpless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own,
While [11] all is shared, and all is borne away:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
Unto the Prince's heart of Calydon.[12]
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevilles' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:

[10] *Whileas* was often used for *while*, just as *whereas* for *where*.

[11] *While*, both here and in the second line after, is equivalent to *till*. A common usage in the Poet's time, and long after. So in Lodge's *Rosalynde:* "Nothing can make me forget Phœbe, *while* Montanus forget himself." See, also, vol. v. page 224, note 6.

[12] According to Ovid, the life of Meleager, Prince of Calydon, was made to depend on a certain firebrand; which being thrown into the fire by his mother Althea, he expired in great torments.

Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the State;
Till, Henry surfeiting in joys of love
With his new bride and England's dear-bought Queen,
Duke Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the House of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Room in the Duke of* GLOSTER'S *House.*

Enter GLOSTER *and the* Duchess.[1]

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brow,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What see'st thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,

[1] The present Duchess of Gloster was Eleanor, daughter to Reginald Lord Cobham. The duke had formerly lived on such terms with Jacqueline of Bavaria, that she was commonly supposed to be his wife; but, as she already had a husband, John Duke of Brabant, from whose claim she could not get a legal release, her union with Gloster was obliged to be broken off. Meanwhile, the duke had been openly living with Eleanor Cobham as his mistress, insomuch that in 1423 the principal matrons of London went to the House of Lords with a petition against him for having neglected his lawful wife. Lingard says, "The beauty of Eleanor was as distinguished as her morals were dissolute."

Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heaved it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office' badge in Court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, 'twas by the Cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
There Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,

And the Protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!
Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.
Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleased again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas[2] the King and Queen do mean to hawk.
Glo. I go, — Come, Nell; thou'lt ride with us, I'm sure.
Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. —
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Messenger.
Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant. —
Where are you there, Sir[3] John? nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

[2] *Whereas* for *where;* the two words being often used interchangeably.
[3] *Sir* was in common use as a clerical title; a translation of *dominus.* Shakespeare has it repeatedly, as in *Sir* Hugh Evans, *Sir* Oliver Martext, and *Sir* Topas the curate.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal Majesty!
Duch. What say'st thou? *Majesty!* I am but *Grace.*
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your Grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promisèd, to show your Highness
A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.
Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy conferderates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*
Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hirèd me to undermine the duchess,
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, *A crafty knave does need no broker;* [4]

[4] This was a common proverb. Ray has "Two cunning knaves need no broker." *Broker* here means a *negotiator* or *go-between.*

Yet am I Suffolk's and the Cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will,[5] I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. An outer Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER *and other* Petitioners.

1 Petit. My masters, let's stand close: my Lord Protector will come this way by-and-by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.[1]

2 Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

1 Petit. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the Queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

[5] That is, let it *happen*, or be *allotted*, as it will; to *sort* being formerly used for to take or give by *lot*.

[1] This phrase, *in the quill*, has drawn forth a great variety of explanations. I select the two which seem to me the most probable. The first is Singer's: "There cannot be the slightest doubt that 'in the *quill*' is intended for 'in the *quoil*,' or *coil;* that is, in the *bustle* or *tumult* which would arise at the time the Protector passed. Shakespeare frequently uses the word for *bustle, tumult, stir;* and that it was sometimes spelt *quoil* or *quoyle* appears from Nares. The orthography may have been intended to mark the First Petitioner's mode of pronunciation, *quile* for *coil*, and the misprint be only in the letter, *l* for *e*." Dyce tells us the same thought had occurred to him before he knew that Singer had hit upon it. The second is Halliwell's: "*In the quill*, that is, *all together*. The First Petitioner tells his companions to keep together, so that, when the Lord Protector comes, their supplications may all be delivered at once." And in his *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words* he has "*Quile.* A pile, heap, large cock, or cop of hay put together ready for carrying, or to secure it from rain; a heap of any thing." I have but to add that Shakespeare repeatedly uses *on a heap* or *in a heap* for *in a crowd*.

Enter SUFFOLK *and Queen* MARGARET.

2 Petit. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

1 Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Queen. For my Lord Protector! Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them:—what is thine?

1 Petit. Mine is, an't please your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed.—What's yours? What's here! [Reads.] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.* How now, sir knave!

2 Petit. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was; and that the King was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there?—

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the King.

[*Exeunt* Servants *with* PETER.

Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's Grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*Tears the petitions.*
Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt* Petitioners.
Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the Court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's King?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my lòve,
And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are the Prophets and Apostles;
His weapons, holy saws[2] of Sacred Writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canónized saints.
I would the College of the Cardinals
Would choose him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.
Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your Highness came to England, so will I
In England work your Grace's full content.
Queen. Besides the haught Protector, have we Beaufort
Th' imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the King.
Suf. And he of these that can do most of all

[2] *Saws* is an old contraction of *sayings;* and means *maxims* or *proverbs.* Much used in the Poet's time. See vol. v. page 50, note 20.

Cannot do more in England than the Nevilles:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the Court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet[3] as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,[4]
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this:
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

[3] *Callet* is an old term of abuse applied to women; meaning *drab*, *jade*, *trull*, or *wench*. See vol. vii. page 180, note 11.

[4] Referring to the ancient use of *lime*, or, as it is sometimes called, *bird-lime*, which was a sticky substance spread upon twigs and bushes, to catch birds: hence the word came to be used for any kind of snare or trap. See vol. iv. page 82, note 11; and page 200, note 10.

Enter King HENRY, *the Duke and Duchess of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerst or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd[5] the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son! — and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Queen. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself
To give his censure:[6] these are no women's matters.

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be protector of his Excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, — as who is king but thou? —
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags

[5] *Denay* is an old form of *deny;* used repeatedly by the Poet.

[6] *Censure* here means *judgment.* The usage was common.

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in France —
If they were known, as the suspect is great —
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head. —
[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The* Queen *drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?
[*Gives the* Duchess *a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy,[7] madam; was it you?
Duch. Was't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments[8] in your face.
King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.
Duch. Against her will! good King, look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most masters wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged. [*Exit.*
Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fury needs no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

[7] "I cry you mercy" is I ask your pardon, or I beg your favour or indulgence. The phrase occurs very often so.

[8] This appears to have been a popular phrase for *the ten fingers.* So in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594: "I would set a tap abroach and not live in fear of my wife's *ten commandments.*" Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607: "Your harpy has set his *ten commandments* on my back." And in Udal's version of Erasmus's *Apothegms:* "When Xantippe had pulled awaye her husbandes cope from his backe, even in the open streete, and his familiar compaignons gave him a by warning to avenge suche a naughtie touche or pranke with his *tenne commandments.*"

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my King and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me there
Without discharge,[9] money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:
Last time, I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

[9] "Without *discharge*" probably means "without giving up the troops and turning them over to my command."

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these, that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your Majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. [*Holding up his hands.*] By these ten bones,[10] my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I do beseech your royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and, when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This is my doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;

[10] We have just heard a duchess threaten to set her *ten commandments* in the face of a queen. We have here again a similar vulgar expression. It is, however, a very ancient popular adjuration, and may be found in many old dramatic pieces. So in *Jacke Jugler:*

> *Jack.* Ye, mary, I tell thee Careawaye is my name.
> *Car.* And *by these tenne bones* myne is the same.

And let these have a day apointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

King. Then be it so. — My Lord of Somerset,
We make your Grace our regent o'er the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case! The spite of man prevaileth against me. — O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month. —
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The Same. The Duke of* GLOSTER'S *Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?[1]

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit; but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.] —

[1] *Exorcism* and *exorcise* mean in Shakespeare just the reverse of what they do now; that is, the act of *calling up* spirits, not of *driving* them *away*. See vol. iv. page 124, note 30.

Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth;
— John Southwell, read you; — and let us to our work.

Enter the Duchess *above; and presently* Hume.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear;[2] the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,[3]
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs[4] howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves;
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle;* Bolingbroke *or* Southwell *reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the* Spirit *riseth.*

Spir. *Adsum.*

M. Jour. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt: — that I had said and done![5]

[2] *Gear* was formerly used for any matter or business in hand. See vol. iii. page 118, note 25.

[3] A similar expression occurs in *2 Henry IV.*, v. 3: "Now comes in the *sweet* of the night." Likewise in *The Tempest*, i. 2: "Urchins shall, for that *vast* of night that they may work, all exercise on thee."

[4] *Ban-dog*, or *band-dog*, any great fierce dog which required to be tied or chained up. "*Canis Molossus*, a mastive, beare-dog, or bull-dog." It is sometimes called in the dictionaries *canis catenarius*."

[5] That is, "*Would* that I had said and done!" It was believed that spirits raised by incantations were impatient of delay and reluctant to answer.

Boling. [Reading out of a paper.] *First of the King: what shall of him become?*

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the* Spirit *speaks*, SOUTHWELL *writes the answers.*

Boling. *What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?*

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. *What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?*

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
Foul fiend, avoid! [*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *descends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *breaking in with their* Guards.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.—
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? the King and commonweal
Are deep-indebted for this piece of pains:
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's King,
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?—
[*Showing her the papers.*
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us.—
Stafford, take her to thee.—
We'll see your trinkets here forthcoming all.—
Away! [*Exeunt, above,* Duchess *and* HUME, *guarded.*
[*Exeunt, below,* SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, *&c., guarded.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the Devil's writ.
What have we here?
[Reads.] *The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;*
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
Why, this is just
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.[6]
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?[7]
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my lord;
These oracles are hardily attain'd,
And hardly understood.[8]
The King is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord. — Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night. — Away! [*Exeunt.*

[6] The ambiguous oracle which is said to have been given by the Pythian Apollo to Pyrrhus. The English of it is, "I say that you, the son of Æacus, the Romans can conquer."

[7] Here, again, and also in the second line below, the wording of the matter has changed rather notably in passing from one hand to another. See page 136, note 2.

[8] That is, it requires much *hardihood* to obtain them, and when obtained they are *hard* to understand.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Saint Alban's.*

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, *the* Cardinal, *and* SUFFOLK, *with* Falconers *hallooing.*

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,[1]
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.[2]
King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain[3] of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,
My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much: he'd be above the clouds.

[1] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. — Here, as often, *for* is *as for*, or *as to the matter of.*

[2] Percy explains this, "The wind was so high, it was ten to one old Joan *would not have taken her flight at the game.*" Which is confirmed by Latham's *Falconry*, 1633: "When you shall come afterward to fly her, she must be altogether guided and governed by her stomacke; yea, she will be kept and also lost by the same: for let her faile of that never so little, and every puff of wind will blow her away from you; nay, *if there be no wind stirring, yet she will wheele and sinke away from him and from his voice,* that all the time before had lured and trained her up."

[3] *Fain* is *fond* or *glad.* So Spenser:

> And in her hand she held a mirror bright,
> Wherein her face she often viewed *fain.*

Glo. Ay, my Lord Cardinal, how think you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could fly to Heaven?
King. The treasury of everlasting joy!
Car. Thy Heaven is on Earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown,[4] the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st[5] it so with King and commonweal!
Glo. What, Cardinal, is your priesthood grown perémptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
For with such holiness you well can do it.
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord,
An't like your lordly Lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Queen. And thy ambition, Gloster.
King. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good Queen, and whet not on these furious peers;
For blessèd are the peacemakers on Earth.
Car. Let me be blessèd for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector, with my sword!
Glo. [*Aside to* Car.] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!
Car. [*Aside to* Glo.] Marry, when thou darest.
Glo. [*Aside to* Car.] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

[4] That is, "thy mind is *working* on a crown." So in *The Tempest*:

Do not infest your mind with *beating* on
The strangeness of this business.

[5] To *smooth* is to *stroke*, to *caress*, to *wheedle*, to *flatter*. So in i. 1, of this play: "Let not his *smoothing* words bewitch your hearts."

Car. [*Aside to* Glo.] Ay, where thou darest not peep: an if thou darest,
This evening on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. — [*Aside to* Glo.] Come with thy two-hand sword.[6]

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. [*Aside to* Glo.] Are ye advised? — the east side of the grove?

Glo. [*Aside to* Car.] Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. —
[*Aside to* Car.] Now, by God's Mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence[7] shall fail.

Car. [Aside to Glo.] *Medice, teipsum;*[8]
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman *of Saint Alban's, crying* A miracle!

Glo. What means this noise? —
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Towns. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

6 The *two-hand sword* was sometimes called the *long sword*, and was in common use before the introduction of the rapier. Justice Shallow, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, boasts of the exploits he had performed in his youth with this instrument.

7 *Fence* is the *art of defence*.

8 "*Medice*, cura *teipsum*," "Physician, heal thyself." St. Luke, iv. 23.

Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

King. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor *of Saint Alban's and his Brethren; and* SIMPCOX, *borne between two persons in a chair, his* Wife *and a Multitude following.*

Car. Here are the townsmen on procession,
Come to present your Highness with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters: — bring him near the King;
His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restored?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your Grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed was he.

Suf. What woman's this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your Worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

King. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the North, an't like your Grace.

King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, *Simpcox, come,* —

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How camest thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind.

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve. —
Let me see thine eyes: wink now; — now open them:
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

King. Why, then thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by-and-by. [*A stool brought out.*]—Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.—Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand. [*After the* Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and the people follow and cry,* A miracle!

King. O God, see'st Thou this, and bear'st so long?

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market-town till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, *&c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly[9] bent, —
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout, —
Have practised dangerously against your State,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your Highness' Privy-Council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.[10]
[*Aside to* GLOSTER.] This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;

[9] *Sort* here means *pack* or *set.* Often so. — *Lewdly* is *knavishly* or *wickedly.* See vol. iv. page 245, note 25.

[10] "Your lady is *forthcoming*" means "your lady is *in custody.*" — *Yet* in the sense of *now.* See vol iv. page 18, note 32.

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave t' afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.
King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my King and commonweal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is; but, if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
King. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *London. The Duke of* YORK'S *Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,

In this close[1] walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at the full.

War. Sweet York, begin: an if thy claim be good,
The Nevilles are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward Third's death, reign'd as King;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful King,
Sent his poor Queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the very truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

[1] *Close* is *secret;* a very frequent meaning of the word. — For what follows in this scene, see page 41, note 1, and page 47, note 1.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, — from whose line
I claim the crown, — had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.[2]
But, to the rest.
York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

[2] We have here a strange piece of historical confusion. In *1 King Henry the Fourth*, Shakespeare, following the chroniclers, confounds Sir Edmund Mortimer with the young Earl of March, whose name was also Edmund Mortimer. Early in the reign of Henry IV., Sir Edmund, being sent with an army against Owen Glendower, was taken prisoner by him, but not long after was released, married to his daughter, and joined with the Percys in their great rebellion against the King. Lord Grey of Ruthven, who had also married a daughter of Glendower, getting afterwards into a war with his father-in-law, likewise fell into his hands, and died in captivity. Here, then, we have a double confusion: In the first place, Edmund, Earl of March, is confounded with his uncle, Sir Edmund Mortimer; and in the second place, Sir Edmund, having been sometime captive to his father-in-law, is confounded with Lord Grey, who was held in captivity by his father-in-law till he died. In the preceding play this same Earl of March is represented as dying an old man in the Tower at London, where he had been detained not by Glendower, but by the King. See page 47, note 1.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York doth claim it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot,[3] be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's King!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice [4] and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Neville, this I do assure myself,
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the King. [*Exeunt.*

[3] "Private plot" is *sequestered place;* the *close walk* of note 2.
[4] *Advice* is *forethought* or *deliberation.* Often so.

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the Duchess of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death. —
[*To* JOURDAIN, *&c.*] You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows. —
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoilèd of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.
Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judgèd thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns. —
[*Exeunt the* Duchess *and the other prisoners, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground! —
Beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.[1]
King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself

[1] *Would*, in this line, is equivalent to *would have*

Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved
Than when thou wert protector to thy King.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's helm!
Give up your staff, sir, and the King his realm.

Glo. My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good King: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off:
This staff of honour raught,[2] there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, — in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.[3]

York. Lords, let him go.[4] — Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,

[2] *Raught* is the old preterite of to *reach*. Here it means *attained*.

[3] The meaning probably is, "Eleanor's pride dies in *its* youngest days." I have repeatedly noted that *its* was not then an accepted word, though the Poet has it a number of times, especially in his later plays. Generally he uses *his* or *her* instead. — *Pride* here means *state, grandeur, splendour*, the *object-matter* of pride. Often so.

[4] That is, "let him pass out of your thoughts." Gloster has already left the stage.

So please your Highness to behold the fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefóre
Left I the Court, to see this quarrel tried.

King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, *bearing his staff with a sand-bag*[5] *fastened to it, and a drum before him; and accompanied by his* Neighbours, *who drink to him so much that he becomes drunk; enter, on the other side,* PETER, *with a similar staff and a drum; and accompanied by* Prentices *drinking to him.*

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.[6]

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double-beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.

[5] As, according to the old law of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword, so those of lower rank fought with a staff, to the further end of which was fastened a bag crammed hard with sand. The custom is very ancient, as it is mentioned by St. Chrysostom.

[6] *Charneco* appears to have been a kind of sweet wine. Steevens says *Charneco* is the name of a village in Portugal where this wine was made. It is frequently mentioned by old writers. So, in *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madness*, 1596, it is said that "three cups of *charneco* fasting is the only medicine for the fleghm." And in *The Puritan*, a comedy: "Come, my inestimable bullies, we'll talk of your noble acts in sparkling *charneco*."

—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron:—and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and, touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen:—and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Dispatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.—Sound, trumpets, 'larum to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and* PETER *strikes down* HORNER.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.[7]

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right!

King. Go and take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought t' have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[7] That is, "the good wine that *disabled* thy master *for the fight.*"

SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after Summer evermore succeeds
Bare Winter, with his wrathful-nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet. —
Sirs, what's o'clock?
Serv. Ten, my lord.
Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath [1] may she endure the flinty-streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face
With envious [2] looks, and laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER *in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir* JOHN STANLEY, *a* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.
Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

[1] *Uneath* is *hardly*, or not *easily*; *eath* being an old form of *ease*.

[2] Here, as usual in Shakespeare, *envious* means *malicious*. — *Erst*, next line, is *formerly* or *once*.

Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban[3] thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame,[4] with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet[5] groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advisèd[6] how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the Sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his fórlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock

[3] To *ban* is to *curse*, or *execrate*. — "*Hateful* looks," second line before, is looks *full of hatred*; malignant.

[4] That is, *wrapped* or *bundled* up in disgrace, referring, of course, to the sheet of penance. So Randle Holme: "*Mail a hawk* is to wrap her up in a handkerchief or other cloath, that she may not be able to stir her wings or struggle." And in Drayton's *Epistle of Eleanor Cobham to Duke Humphrey*:

> Should after see me *mayld up in a sheet*,
> Doe shameful penance three times in the street.

[5] *Fet* is an old form of *fetched*. The Poet has it repeatedly.

[6] *Advised* is *wary*, *careful*, *circumspect*. See page 169, note 4.

To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk, — he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all, —
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,[7]
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;[8]
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's Parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there. —

[*Exit* Herald.

[7] *Scathe* is *hurt* or *damage*. We still use *scathless.*

[8] That is, *frame*, *adapt*, or *attemper* thy heart to patience. So in *Lucrece:*

> Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
> And *sorts* a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
> For why her face wore sorrow's livery.

My Nell, I take my leave : — and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King's commission.

Sher. An't please your Grace, here my commission stays ;
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady there?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well : the world may laugh again ;[9]
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her : and so, Sir John, farewell !

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell !

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Servants.

Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee !
For none abides with me : my joy is death, —
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity. —
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence ;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man ;
There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach ;
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady ;
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct[10] of my shame.

Sher. It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell ; thy office is discharged. —
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

[9] Meaning, " the world may smile on me again."

[10] *Conduct* for *conductor*. Repeatedly so. See vol. v. page 208, note 20.

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.*

Sennet. Enter, to the Parliament, King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and others.*

King. I muse[1] my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since[2] he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the Court admired him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,

[1] "I *muse*" is I *wonder*, I *marvel*. A frequent usage.
[2] *Since* is here equivalent to *when*. See vol. iii. page 29, note 23.

And passeth by with stiff unbowèd knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars, —
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note, that he is near you in descent;
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy, —
Respecting[3] what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease, —
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your Highness' Council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond,[4] call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke. —
My Lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove[5] my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your Grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,

[3] *Respecting* here has the exact sense of *considering*. *Respect*, substantive, is very often used in the same sense.

[4] Here, as usual, *fond* is *foolish* or *weak*.

[5] *Reprove* for *refute* or *disprove*. See vol. iv. page 194, note 14.

Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,[6] —
As, next the King, he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility, —
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb. —
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, those are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

King. My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but — shall I speak my conscience? —
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well-given[7]
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,

[6] That is, by *reckoning upon*, or *making much* of, his high descent.

[7] "*Well-given*" is *well-disposed.* So in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2: "He is a noble Roman, and *well-given.*"

For he's disposèd as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
King. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!
York. [*Aside.*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the King!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.
Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glo. Well, Suffolk, well, thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being Protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;

By means whereof his Highness hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night, —
Ay, night by night, — in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursèd to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.
Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!
York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them cóndign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon or what[8] trespass else.
Suf. My lord, these faults are easy,[9] quickly answer'd:
But weightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his Highness' name;
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal

[8] *What*, with the sense of the indefinite pronoun *whatever*. Often so.
[9] The adjectival form used adverbially, *easy* for *easily*.

To keep until your further time of trial.
King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your Highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But I am made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And doggèd York, that reaches at the Moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse [10] doth level at my life.—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavor have stirr'd up
My liefest [11] liege to be mine enemy:—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,—
Myself had notice of your conventicles,—
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,

[10] *Accuse* for *accusation*, just as, a little before, *suspect* for *suspicion*. The Poet shortens many words in a similar way; as *dispose* for *disposition*.

[11] *Liefest* is *dearest*. See page 134, note 1.

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,[12]
A staff is quickly found, to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit [13] our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborněd some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body!
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt* Attendants *with* GLOSTER *in their custody.*

King. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Queen. What, will your Highness leave the Parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,

12 *Effected* here means *carried into effect.*

13 *Twit* for *twitted.* The Poet has many preterites formed in the same manner. See page 102, note 11.

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery, —
For what's more miserable than discontent? —
Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty!
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I proved thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What louring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our Queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,[14]
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowèd enemies.
His fortunes I will weep and, 'twixt each groan,
Say, Who's [15] a traitor, Gloster he is none. [*Exit.*

Queen. Fair lords, cold snow melts with the Sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile

[14] There is a seeming contradiction here between *binds* and *strays*. Explained by Tollet thus: "It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road."

[15] *Who* for *whoever*, just as, a little before, *what* for *whatever*.

With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I, —
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good, —
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The King will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

York. [*Aside.*] 'Tis York that hath most reason for his death. —
But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk, —
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls, —
Were't not all one, an empty[16] eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the King's protector?

Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,

[16] *Empty*, here, is *starved* or *famished.* "Were't not *all one*" is equivalent to Were it not *as well.*

By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chops be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey's proved, by treasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates[17] him first that first intends deceit.
Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue, —
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe, —
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.[18]
Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent, and censure well[19] the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Queen. And so say I.
York. And I: and, now we three have spoken it,
It skills not[20] greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,

[17] To *mate* or *amate* was often used in the sense of *confound* or *overcome.* Dyce, however, says, "I incline to believe that Percy was right, when he observed that *mates* is used here with an allusion to chess-playing. Palsgrave, in his *Lesclarcissement*, 1530, gives not only "I *mate* or overcome, *Ie amatte*," but also "I *mate* at the chesses, *Ie matte*."

[18] Meaning "I will be with him in his closing passage"; or, "I will attend him through the dark valley."

[19] That is, *judge* or *think* well. See page 112, note 3.

[20] "It *skills* not" is it *matters* not, it *signifies* not. Repeatedly so.

To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach that craves a quick-expedient[21] stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonour home
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar charácter'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserved so whole doth seldom win.
Queen. Nay, then this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily[22] have proved far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!
Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!
Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
Th' uncivil kerns[23] of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:

[21] *Expedient* is *expeditious* or *speedy*. See vol. v. page 53, note 4.
[22] *Happily* for *haply, perhaps*. The trisyllabic form used for metre's sake.
[23] *Uncivil* for *uncivilized* or *barbarous*. *Kerns* were Irish light-armed foot-soldiers; the same as *Caterans*.

To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his Majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order[24] for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but* YORK.
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hopest to be; or what thou art
Resign to death, — it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought;
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:

24 To *take order* is to *adopt measures* or *make arrangements.*

I fear me you but warm the starvèd snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to Heaven or Hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious Sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[25]
And for a minister of my intent
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,[26]
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversèd with the enemy,
And, undiscover'd, come to me again,

[25] A *flaw* is a violent gust of wind.

[26] A dancer in a morris-dance, originally, perhaps, meant to imitate a Moorish dance, and thence named. The bells sufficiently indicate that the English Morris-dancer is intended. It appears from Blount's *Glossography*, and some of our old writers, that the dance itself was called a *morisco*. Florio, in the first edition of his *Italian Dictionary*, defines "Moresca, a kind of morice or antique dance, after the *Moorish* or Ethiopian fashion." See vol. iv. page 46, note 5.

And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they effect the House and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd and torturèd,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I moved him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, — as 'tis great like he will, —
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Bury St. Edmund's. A Room of State.*

Enter certain Murderers, *hastily.*

1 Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 Mur. O, that it were to do! What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 Mur. Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

1 Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The King and all the peers are here at hand:
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1 Mur. Yes, my good lord.

Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Trumpet sounded. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, *and others.*

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his Grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publishèd.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*

King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approved in practice culpable.

Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

King. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Queen. Marry, God forfend!

Car. God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The* King *swoons.*

Queen. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the King is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Queen. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again: madam, be patient.

King. O heavenly God!

Queen. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceivèd sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words:
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;—
Yet do not go away;—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:[1]
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,—
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:

[1] The *basilisk* is so called, says Richardson, "either because it hath on its head something white like a diadem, or because all other kinds of serpents flee from its superior strength." So in Holland's Pliny: "The like propertie hath the serpent called a *basiliske*: a white spot or starre it carrieth on the head, and setteth it out like a coronet or diadem." The old notion touching this serpent is shown by Chaucer in *The Persones Tale*: "That sleth right as the *Basilicok* sleth folk by venime of his sight." So in *Albion's England*:

> That did with easy sight enforce a *basilisk* to flie,
> Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eye.

It may be judged I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' Courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

King. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Queen. Be woe for me,[2] more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, — look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy fórlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua, and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward [3] winds from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this but well-forewarning winds
Did seem to say, Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then but curse the gentle gusts,[4]
And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessèd shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:

[2] That is, "be *sorry*, or *lament*, for me, and not for Gloster."

[3] The same uncommon epithet is applied to the wind by Marlowe in his *Edward II.*: "With *awkward winds*, and with sore tempests driven." And by Drayton, Epistle from *Richard II. to Queen Isabell*:

> And undertook to travaile dangerous waies,
> Driven by *awkward winds* and boisterous seas.

[4] Margaret calls the gusts *gentle*, because they were dealing *kindly* or *gently* by her in trying to keep her from the English shore.

The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me;
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish [5] Margaret.
As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And, when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck, —
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds, —
And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it;
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wishèd coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue —
The agent of thy foul inconstancy —
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius [6] did
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!

[5] The verb *perish* is here used actively. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy:* "Let not my sins *perish* your noble youth." And in their *Honest Man's Fortune:* "And miseries have *perish'd* his good face." Also in Bacon's Essay *Of Friendship:* "That closeness did impair and not a little *perish* his understanding." — *Because*, in the preceding line, is equivalent to *in order that.* So in North's Plutarch, *Life of Augustus:* "Some women, unfaithful to their husbands, delivered them into the hands of the murtherers, *because* they might marry again." See page 54, note 3.

[6] Of course the allusion is to the *Æneid*, i. But it was Cupid in the likeness of Ascanius that played the witchcraft upon Dido; and it was Æneas himself that related to her the destruction of Troy.

Am I not witch'd like her? art thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. *Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The* Commons *press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.
King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.
War. That shall I do, my liege.— Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return.
[WARWICK *goes into an inner chamber.*— SALISBURY *retires to the* Commons *at the door.*
King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,—
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,

What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
[*The folding-doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and* GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his bed;* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.
King. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
And, seeing him, I see my life in death.[7]
War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon Him
To free us from His Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famèd duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,[8]
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended[9] to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.

[7] The meaning probably is, "I see myself, my own life, exposed to death." So in the Church Burial Service: "In the midst of life we are in death."

[8] That is, a *body* from which the soul had *lately* parted. *Ghost* was often used thus for *corpse* by the old writers. In a subsequent passage of the original play the word *ghost* is again used as in the present instance. Young Clifford, addressing himself to his father's *dead body*, says,

A dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,
All smear'd and welter'd in his lukewarm blood!
Sweet father, to thy *murder'd ghost* I swear.

[9] Here *blood*, as comprised in *bloodless*, is evidently the subject of *Being descended.*

But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued:
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scourèd in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,

That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt* Cardinal, SOMERSET, *and others*.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,[10]
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, — with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevilles' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers[11] thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting[12] thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passèd speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st, —
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to Hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou darest go with me.

[10] To *rebuke*, to *censure*, to *chastise* are among the old meanings of to *control*. Hooker has it repeatedly so.

[11] To *buckler* is to *defend*, to *shield*. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2: "They shall not touch thee, Kate: I'll *buckler* thee against a million."

[12] *Quitting* here means *releasing* or *setting free*. So in *King Henry VIII*., v. 1: "God safely *quit* her of her burden, and with gentle travail!"

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.
[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

King. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [*A noise within.*

Queen. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Sal. [*To the* Commons *at the door.*] Sirs, stand apart; the King shall know your mind.—[*He comes forward.*
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death
Or banishéd fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your Highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;

Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forkèd tongue,
That slily glided towards your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were waked;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm [13] might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whêr you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomèd and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint [14] an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort [15] of tinkers to the King.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the King, or we will all break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:

[13] *Worm* for *snake* or *serpent.* Repeatedly so. — *Mortal* is *deadly.*

[14] The original meaning of *quaint*, from *cointe*, French, and *comptus*, Latin, is *curiously* or *artfully decked* or *trimmed.* Here, accordingly, it bears the sense of *cunning*, *dexterous.*

[15] *Sort*, again, for *pack* or *company*. See page 165, note 9.

And therefore — by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am —
He shall not breathe infection in [16] this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death. [*Exit* SALISBURY.

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

King. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable. —
If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life. —
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen* MARGARET *and* SUFFOLK.

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the Devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,[17]

16 *In* for *into*; the two being often used indiscriminately.

17 The old superstition touching the *mandrake* is exposed by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar and Common Errors*, ii. 6: "The third affirmeth the roots of mandrakes do make a noise, or give a shriek, upon eradication; which is indeed ridiculous, and false below confute; arising, perhaps, from a small and stridulous noise, which, being firmly rooted, it maketh upon divulsion of parts. The last concerneth the danger ensuing; that there follows an hazard of life to them that pull it up; that some evil fate pursues them, and they live not long after."

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixèd teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest thing they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees![18]
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings![19]
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the consort full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated Hell —

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses — like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overchargèd gun — recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?[20]
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain-top,

[18] *Cypress* was used in funeral rites by the Romans, and hence is commonly spoke of as an ill-boding plant.

[19] This is one of the vulgar errors in the old natural history. The *lizard* has in fact no sting, and is quite harmless.

[20] *Leave* for *cease* or *leave off.* — This inconsistency is common in real life. Those who are stung to impatience are vexed to see others less disturbed than themselves; but, when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.

Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O,
Let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand, [*Kisses his hand.*
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee![21]
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banishèd myself:
And banishèd I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Lother a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishèd,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For, where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And, where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in nought but that thou livest.

21 "That, by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand, thou mightest think on those lips through *which* a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee."

Enter VAUX.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?
Vaux. To signify unto his Majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on Earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overchargèd soul:
And I am sent to tell his Majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the King.—
[*Exit* VAUX.
Ah me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,[22]
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the sourthern clouds contend in tears,—
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now get thee hence: the King, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where,[23] from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

[22] "Why do I grieve for a loss that will quickly be forgotten, and not rather spend all my grief upon the loss of Suffolk, which will never cease to weigh upon me?"

[23] *Where* is here equivalent to *whereas*. A frequent usage.

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Queen. Away!
Though parting be a fretful córrosive,
It is appliėd to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For, wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris[24] that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart along with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woefull'st casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*London. Cardinal* BEAUFORT'S *Bedchamber.*

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others. The* Cardinal *in bed;* Attendants *with him.*

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

[24] *Iris* was the messenger of Juno.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whêr they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my wingèd soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid th' apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy-meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin!
Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
King. Peace to his soul, if't God's good pleasure be!—
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Kent. The Seashore near Dover.*

Firing heard at sea. Then enter, from a boat, a Captain, *a* Master, *a* Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK *disguised, and other* Gentlemen, *Prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful [1] day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night; [2]
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip [3] dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace [4] anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore. —
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee; —
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this; —
The other, [*Pointing to* SUFFOLK.] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

[1] *Remorseful* is *pitiful.* — "The epithet *blabbing*, applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt, if afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidant of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*." — JOHNSON.

[2] The chariot of the night was supposed to be drawn by dragons. See vol. iii. page 61, note 36.

[3] To *clip* is to *embrace.* See vol. vii. page 81, note 16.

[4] *Pinnace* formerly meant a ship of small burden, built for speed. See vol. vi. page 23, note 14.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen? —
Cut both the villains' throats; — for die you shall: —
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Cannot be counterpoised with such a petty sum.

1 Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard, —
[*To* SUF.] And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George, — I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *water* I should die: [5]
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is, I care not:
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

[5] Referring to the answer of the Spirit in i. 4: "By *water* shall he die, and take his end."

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded[6] groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:[7]
How in our voiding-lobby[8] hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.[9]
Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlórn swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou darest not, for thy own.

6 To be *jaded* is to be subjected to mean and harrassing labours.— Suffolk was, on his mother's side, a remote cousin of Henry the Sixth; but that relationship was from Joan, a daughter of Edward the First: so that he was nowise of the Lancastrian branch.

7 "*Abortive* pride" seems to be pride *without reason*, or having nothing to stand upon, and so coming to nothing.

8 A *voiding-lobby* is probably an *entrance-hall*, or passage through which the apartments of a house are *voided*, that is, cleared or vacated of their occupants.

9 "*Charm* thy *riotous* tongue" is "*silence* thy *insolent* talk." So *charm* is used in *Othello*, v. 2: Iago says to Emilia, "Go to, *charm* your tongue"; and she replies, "I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to speak."

Cap. Yes, Pole.
Suf. Pole!
Cap. Pole! Sir Pole! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink;[10] whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless[11] winds shalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of Hell,
For daring to affy[12] a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sulla, overgorged
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France;
The false revolting Normans thorough[13] thee
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevilles all, —
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain, —

[10] The Captain is playing contemptuously on Suffolk's name, which was pronounced as if spelt *pool.* — *Kennel,* here, is *channel, ditch, gutter;* any narrow *trench* in which water runs or stands. So in *The Taming,* iv. 4: "Go, hop me over every *kennel* home, for you shall hop without my custom, sir." And so Scott, in *Peveril of the Peak,* chap. xliii.: "Had I known it was thy house, man, I would sooner had my heart's blood run down the *kennel,* than my foot should have crossed your threshold."

[11] *Senseless* here means *insensible, unfeeling,* or *unregarding.*

[12] To *affy* is to *betroth.* See vol. ii. page 223, note 6.

[13] *Thorough* and *through* are but different forms of the same word, and Shakespeare uses them interchangeably.

As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the House of York — thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless king
And lofty proud-encroaching tyranny —
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced Sun,[14] striving to shine,
Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Are crept into the palace of our King,
And all by thee. — Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus,[15] the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives:
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the Queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter, —

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

[14] *Half-faced Sun* refers to the cognizance of Edward the Third, which was a picture of the Sun struggling through a cloud. So in Camden's *Remaines*: "Edward III. bare for his device the rays of the Sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud."

[15] The right name of this man is *Bardylis.* The corruption *Bargulus* comes from Cicero's *De Officiis*, ii. 11: "*Bargulus*, Illyrius Latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit." It is said that the man was originally a collier, but became a captain of freebooters, and finally raised himself to the throne of Illyria. His name does not occur in any extant fragment of Theopompus: that he was mentioned by that writer is known only from Cicero.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus:* [16] — it is thee I fear.
Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
1 Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of Heaven and to my King;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to this vulgar groom.
Exempt is true nobility from fear: —
More can I bear than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot! —
Great men oft die by vile besonians: [17]
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard [18] hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; [19] and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exeunt* WHITMORE *and others with* SUFFOLK.

[16] That is, "Cold terror seizes my limbs." The source of these words has not been traced. Perhaps the clause is a corruption of Virgil's "*Subitus tremor* occupat artus."

[17] A *besonian* is, properly, a *boor* or a *peasant.*

[18] Servilia, the mother of Brutus, was an intriguing, unscrupulous woman; and "the mightiest Julius" was so intimate with her, that a scandal arose of his being the father of her stabbing son. In fact, however, Cæsar was but fifteen years older than Brutus.

[19] Pompey was killed by Achillas and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing-boat which they were in reached the coast, his head being thrown into the sea; a circumstance sufficiently resembling Suffolk's death to bring it to the Poet's memory; though his mention of it is not quite accurate.

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the First* Gentleman.

Re-enter WHITMORE *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*
1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the Queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE II.—*Blackheath.*

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the Clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more, the King's Council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said, Labour in thy vocation; which is as much as to say, Let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham, —

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher, —

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver, —

Geo. *Argo,* their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the Butcher,* SMITH *the Weaver, and others in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.[1]

Cade. — or for our enemies shall fall before us, — inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes, — Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. — my mother a Plantagenet, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. — my wife descended of the Lacies; —

Dick. [*Aside.*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

[1] Tom Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against *a cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, "That the rebel Jack Cade was the first that devised to put red herrings in *cades*, and from him they have their name." — *Lenten Stuffe.* — *Cade*, however, is derived from *cadus*, Latin, a *cask*. Cade, with rather more learning than suits his character, alludes to his name as from *cado*, to *fall.* — "*For* our enemies shall fall" is *because* our, &c.

Smith. [*Aside.*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. — therefore am I of an honourable House.

Dick. [*Aside.*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.[2]

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside.*] 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside.*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside.*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.[3]

Dick. [*Aside.*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops;[4] and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass: and, when I am king, — as king I will be, —

All. God save your Majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people, — there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

[2] "Little places of prison, set commonly in the market place, for harlots and vagabonds, we call *cages*." — BARET.

[3] A quibble is most probably intended between two senses of the word; one as being able to resist, the other as being *well tried*, that is, long worn.

[4] These drinking vessels of our ancestors were of wood. Nash, in his *Pierce Pennilesse*, says, "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more."

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. — How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk *of Chatham.*

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. 'Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations,[5] and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. — Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They used to write it on the top of letters:[6] — 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. — Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

[5] *Obligations* here is equivalent to *bonds*.

[6] That is, on the top of Letters Missive and such like public acts. So, in the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.*, the Archbishop of Bruges says, "I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe conduct, under your broad seal *Emanuel.*" The king answers, "Deliver him safe conduct under our broad seal *Emanuel.*"

All. He hath confess'd: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exeunt some with the* Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*] Now have at him!

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and* WILLIAM *his Brother, with drum and Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:
The King is merciful, if you revolt.[7]

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:[8]

[7] *Revolt*, here, is *desert;* that is, fall off from Cade, and return to duty. The Poet has many instances of *revolt* used in that sense. So, in *Richard III.*, iv. 4, when the King suspects Stanley of intending to go over to Richmond, he says to him, "Thou wilt *revolt*, and fly to him, I fear." And in *1 Henry IV.*, iv. 2, Falstaff speaks of some of his recruits as "*revolted* tapsters"; that is, tapsters who have deserted or run away from their employers.

[8] "I *pass* not" is "I *care* not." Shakespeare has no other instance of the word so used; but Drayton has it in his *Quest of Cynthia:* "Transform me to what shape you can, I *pass* not what it be."

It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. What of that?

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside.*] He lies, for I invented it myself. — Go to, sirrah, tell the King from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter[9]

[9] *Span-counter*, according to Strutt, was a boyish game played with marbles, or with counters; one boy throwing a counter, or a piece of money, which the next one wins, if he throws another counter so as to hit the former, or lie within a span of it.

for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England mained,[10] and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow-kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and, more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this, can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
And you that be the King's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS *and Forces.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;[11]
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would — but that they dare not — take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

[10] It appears that to *maine* was used provincially for to *lame*. The quibble between *Maine* and *mained* is obvious enough.

[11] *Clouted shoon* is *shoes* strengthened with clout-nails; much the same as what the Poet elsewhere calls *clouted brogues*.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Another Part of Blackheath.*

Alarums. The two Parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus will I reward thee: The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license for to kill a hundred lacking one a-week.[1]

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; [*Putting on part of Sir* H. STAFFORD'S *armour.*] [2] and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse' heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. — Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

1 Reference is had to an order of Elizabeth's time strictly enjoining upon butchers not to sell flesh-meat in Lent; which order was not so much with a religious view, as to diminish the consumption of flesh during that season, and so make it more plentiful the rest of the year, and also to encourage the fisheries, and augment the number of seamen. Butchers, however, who had interest at Court were often favoured with a special dispensation from this order, on the pretence of supplying invalids who could not subsist without animal food.

2 So Holinshed: "Jack Cade, upon his victorie against the Staffords, apparelled himselfe in sir Humfries brigandine, set full of gilt nailes, and so in some glorie returned againe toward London."

SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *reading a supplication; the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM *and Lord* SAY *with him: at some distance, Queen* MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *head.*

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to the rebel's supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,[1]
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

King. How now, madam!
Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,

[1] An astrological allusion; meaning that Suffolk predominated over her passions, as the planets did over those born under their influence. Such planetary predominance was held to be irresistible. See vol. vii. page 148, note 21.

Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.
Queen. No, love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now! what news? why comest thou in such haste?
Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' House;
And calls your Grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.
King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.
Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,[2]
Until a power be raised to put them down.
Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!
King. Lord Say, the traitor hateth thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.
Say. So might your Grace's person be in danger;
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:

[2] *Killingworth* is the ancient name of the castle so celebrated under the name of *Kenilworth*. Holinshed always calls it *Killingworth*.

The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal Court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

King. [*To Lord* SAY.] Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *The Same. The Tower.*

Enter Lord SCALES, *and others, on the walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the Lord Mayor craves aid of your Honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your King, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *The Same. Cannon-Street.*

Enter CADE *and his* Followers. *He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them: but first, go and set London-bridge on fire;[1] and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *The Same. Smithfield.*

Alarums. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his* Company; *on the other,* Citizens, *and the* King's *Forces, headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight; the* Citizens *are routed, and* GOUGH *is slain.*

[1] At that time London-bridge was of wood; and the houses upon it were actually burnt in Cade's rebellion. Hall says "he entered London, and cut the ropes of the draw-bridge."

Cade. So, sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy;[2] others to the Inns-of-Court;[3] down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.[4]

John. [*Aside.*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside.*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. [*Aside.*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens,[5] and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

[2] The Poet here borrows an incident from an earlier time. The old Savoy was destroyed in the rebellion of Wat Tyler, the famous predecessor of Jack Cade in the work of reform. This was in 1381, in the reign of Richard the Second. The old Savoy is said to have been the most magnificent palace in England. It belonged to the Duke of Lancaster. The more modern structure of that name was built in the time of Henry the Sixth, who founded the hospital.

[3] The *Inns-of-Court* were the places where the lawyers had their lodgings and pursued their studies. There were several of them in London; as Lincoln's Inn, Grey's Inn, &c.

[4] It was reported, indeed, that he should saie with great pride that within four daies *all the laws of England should come foorth of his mouth.*— HOLINSHED.

[5] A *fifteen* was the *fifteenth part* of all the movables, or personal property of each subject.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the Lord* SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. — Ah, thou say, thou serge,[6] nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and, whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used;[7] and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and, because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth,[8] dost thou not?

[6] *Say* is a kind of thin woollen stuff or serge.

[7] Shakespeare is a little too early with this accusation. Yet Meerman, in his *Origines Typographicæ*, has availed himself of this passage to support his hypothesis that printing was introduced into England by Frederick Corsellis, one of Coster's workmen, from Haarlem in the time of Henry VI. Shakespeare's anachronisms are not more extraordinary than those of his contemporaries. Spenser mentions cloth made at Lincoln in the ideal reign of King Arthur, and has adorned a castle at the same period with cloth of Arras and of Tours.

[8] A *foot-cloth* was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse: it was sometimes made of velvet and bordered with gold lace. This is a reproach truly characteristic: nothing gives so much offence to the lower orders as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious.

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this,—'tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civill'st place of all this isle:[9]
Sweet[10] is the country, beauteous, full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, worthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the King, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learnèd clerks,
Because my book preferr'd[11] me to the King:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,

[9] Cæsar's words are, "Ex his omnibus humanissimi, qui Cantium incolunt." Thus translated by Golding, 1590: "Of all the inhabitants of the isle, the *civilest* are the Kentish-folke."

[10] *Sweet* here means *wholesome, salubrious.*

[11] *Preferr'd* is *recommended.* Often so. Say's meaning is, that his *learning* had gained him the King's favour, and thus enabled him to patronize scholars. We have *book* again put for *learning* in *King Henry VIII.*, i. 1: "A beggar's *book* outworths a noble's blood."

You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for[12] watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have hempen caudle, then, and the help of hatchet.[13]

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. It is the palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour,—speak?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,[14]
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

[12] Here, as often, *for* is equivalent to *because of.*

[13] "Hempen caudle" and "help of hatchet" appear to have been a sort of cant phrases for *hanging* and *beheading*, or, perhaps, for *hanging* and *quartering*. Dr. Ingleby notes upon the passage, "Cade proposed to cure Lord Say's sickness by the aid of 'the sure physician death,' by giving him the rope or the axe." *Caudle* was a warm drink; a *cordial.*

[14] That is, free from shedding guiltless or innocent blood.

Cade. [*Aside.*] I feel remorse[15] in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar[16] under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if, when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdúrate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.—

[*Exeunt some with Lord* SAY.

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?[17]

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter Rebels, *with the heads of Lord* SAY *and his* Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving-up of some

[15] Here, as usual, *remorse* is *pity* or *compassion.*

[16] A demon or spirit, who is supposed to come when called.

[17] Dick is quibbling between *bills of credit* and pikes, or rustic weapons, also called *bills.* See vol. iv. page 211, note 11.

more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. — *Southwark.*

Alarums. Enter CADE *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus'-corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! — [*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and old* CLIFFORD, *with Forces.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the King
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

O. Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, *God save his Majesty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? — And you, base peasants, do ye believe them? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you

should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out[1] these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade! we'll follow Cade!

O. Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquishéd,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying *Viliaco!*[2] unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;

[1] Staunton says that "to *give out* in the sense of *resign* or *surrender* is yet current among the vulgar."—In the preceding line there is, probably, as Walker notes, a quibble between *Hart* and *heart;* as a *white heart* was "a badge of pusillanimity and cowardice."

[2] *Viliaco* is a term of reproach not seldom met with in old authors. So in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, v. 3: "Now out, base *viliaco.*" Upon which Gifford notes thus: "This word occurs in Dekker: 'Before they came near the great hall, the faint-hearted *viliacoes* sounded at least thrice.' *Untrussing the Humorous Poet.* In both places it means a worthless dastard, (from the Italian *vigliacco*)."

Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;[3]
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. [*Aside.*] Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? the name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying. — In despite of the devils and Hell, have through the very middest of you! and Heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treason, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the King
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward. —
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. — *Killingworth Castle.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace of the castle.*

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old:

[3] He bids them spare England, and go to France; and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have *strength*, and the King has *money*. — JOHNSON.

Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and old* CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!
King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of CADE'S Followers, *with halters about their necks.*

O. Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your Highness' doom, of life or death.
King. Then, Heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.
All. God save the King! God save the King!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Grace to be advértiséd
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puissant and mighty power
Of savage gallowglasses and stout kerns[1]
Is marching hitherward in proud array;

[1] The *Galloglasse* useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary foot-soldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his piece, being commonly good mark-men.—STANIHURST'S *Description of Ireland.*

And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightway chased and boarded with a pirate:
But now[2] is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go thou and meet him;
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord, I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
Or yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*Kent.* IDEN'S *Garden.*

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that, if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could

[2] Not the adversative *but;* the sense being *just* now, or *only* now.

stay no longer. Wherefore, o'er a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word *sallet* was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word *sallet* must serve me to feed on.[1]

Enter IDEN, *with* Servants *behind.*

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoilèd in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contents me, and is worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleasèd from my gate.

Cade. [*Aside.*] Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.— Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him! but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion,[2] whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

[1] Cade's punning turns on the point that *sallet* was used for a *helmet* as well as for a *preparation of herbs.*

[2] *Companion* for *fellow;* the two being often used interchangeably.

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and, if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail,[3] I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick comparèd with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heavèd in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
But as for words, whose greatness answers words,[4]
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard! — Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God, on my knees, thou mayst be turn'd to hobnails. [*They fight.* CADE *falls.*] O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. . Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,

[3] "As dead as a door-nail" is an old phrase still used in New England. The nail of a door was the *head* on which the *knocker* was struck, and so was subject to frequent and hard pounding.

[4] Johnson explains this, "As for words, whose pomp may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, *and refer the rest to my sword*."

And hang[5] thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wipèd from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
T' emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man; and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me,[6] Heaven be my judge.
Die, damnèd wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to Hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exeunt,* IDEN *dragging out the body, and* Servants.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The King's *camp on one side. On the other, enter* YORK *attended, with drum and colours; his Forces at some distance.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:

[5] *Hang* is here used as a causative verb; the sense being, "I will *have thee hung*," or, "I will *cause thee to be hung*."

[6] Iden's meaning probably is, that Cade wrongs him by underrating his prowess.

Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;
To entertain great England's lawful King.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:[1]
A sceptre shall it have, — have I a soul, —
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France. —

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

[*Aside.*] Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The King hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the Court.

York. [*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
I am far better born than is the King;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong. —
O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,

[1] Probably his *hand* is the thing that requires to be thus balanced.

That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace and to the State.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But, if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand;
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.—
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his Highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your Highness.

King. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who, since, I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *head.*

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of Cade! — Great God, how just art Thou! —
O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble. —
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I am, an't like your Majesty.

King. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his King.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Iden, rise up a knight. [*He rises.*
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

King. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the Queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? —
False King! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art no king;
Not fit to rule and govern multitudes,
Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by Heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom Heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,[2]
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail: [*Exit an* Attendant.
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father. [*Exit* BUCKING.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!
See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

[2] By *these* York probably means his troops, to whom he may be supposed to point. It may be, however, that he means his sons, who are in sight.

Enter, on one side, EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET,[3] *with Forces; on the other, old* CLIFFORD *and his* SON, *with Forces also.*

O. Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the King! [*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

O. Clif. This is my King, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistakest me much to think I do:—
To Bedlam[4] with him! is the man grown mad?

King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his King.

O. Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

O. Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains

[3] The author here anticipates by many years. At this time, 1455, Edward, York's oldest son was not more than fifteen years old; and, as there were two others, Edmund and George, between him and Richard, of course the latter could have had no part in these transactions. A similar anticipation touching Prince Henry occurs near the close of *King Richard II.*

[4] This "hospitall for distracted people" was founded, according to Stowe, by Simon Fitz-Mary, one of the sheriffs of London, in the year 1246. It was called "The Hospital of St. Mary of *Bethlehem*"; which latter name was corrupted into *Bedlam.*

They may astonish these fell-lurching[5] curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with Forces.*

O. Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou darest bring them to the baiting-place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd[6] with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.
O. Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crookèd in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
O. Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

[5] *Lurch*, both noun and verb, was used in the sense of *seizure*, *robbery*, or *carrying off with a high hand*. See foot-note on "He *lurch'd* all swords o' the garland," in *Coriolanus*, ii. 2.

[6] *Being suffer'd* is used in opposition to *withheld*, and in the sense of *being allowed*, that is, allowed *to cope with the bear*. So in iii. 2, of this play: "Lest, *being suffer'd* in that harmful slumber, the mortal worm might make the sleep eternal." — Perhaps the passage in the text intends an allusion to the crest of the Nevilles, Earls of Warwick, which was a bear and a ragged staff. — It may be well to add, that the cruel sport of bear-baiting was kept up in England till the Puritans made decisive war upon it; though Macaulay says they did this, not because the sport gave pain to the bears, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.

Where shall it find a harbour in the Earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,[7]
And stain thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renownèd duke;
And in my conscience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

King. Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolved for death or dignity.

O. Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best go to bed and dream again,

[7] Heath explains this, "Art thou so enamoured of war, that thou wilt even go and dig thy own grave to find it out?" But I suspect that *to find* is an instance of the infinitive used gerundively. If so, the meaning is, "Wilt thou go and dig a grave for thyself *by finding* out war?" See vol. vi. page 181, note 7.

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
O. Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,[8]
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet, —
As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm, —
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
O. Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.
Y. Clif. And so to arms! victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.
Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.
Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic,[9] that's more than thou canst tell.
Rich. If not in Heaven, you'll surely sup in Hell.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *Saint Alban's.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
An if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, — when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air, —
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!

[8] A *burgonet* is a *helmet;* a Burgundian's steel cap or casque.

[9] One on whom Nature has set a mark of deformity, a *stigma.* It was originally and properly "a person who had been branded with a hot iron for some crime; one notably defamed for naughtiness."

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms. —

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter old CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st. —
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*
O. Clif. What see'st thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
O. Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!
O. Clif. My soul and body on the action both!
York. A dreadful lay![1] — address thee instantly.
O. Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*
[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls and dies.*
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

[1] It scarce need be said that *lay* here is *wager* or *stake.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. — O war, thou son of Hell,
Whom angry Heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! — Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour. — [*Seeing his father's body.*
O, let the vile world end,
And the premisèd flames[2] of the last day
Knit Earth and Heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease![3] — Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advisèd[4] age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? — Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone; and, while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

[2] "*Premisèd* flames" are flames sent before their time. "Let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now."

[3] To *cease* was sometimes used transitively for to *stop*, or to *cause* to *cease*. So in *Timon of Athens*, ii. 1: "Be not *ceased* with slight denial." — *Achieve*, in the next line, has the sense of *reach*, or *arrive at*.

[4] *Advisèd*, again, in the sense of *thoughtful, considerate*. See page 175, note 6.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the House of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:[5]
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.—
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's House:
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.[6]—
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

Queen. Away, my lord! you're slow; for shame, away!

[5] When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her.

[6] Referring to the prediction of the Spirit in i. 4: "Let him shun castles; safer shall he be upon the sandy plains than where *castles mounted* stand"; which turns out to have meant the *picture* of a castle set up or *mounted* for a *sign*.— This Duke of Somerset was Edmund Beaufort, brother to John, the Somerset of the preceding play, and succeeded to the title at his death in 1432. He was the King's nearest surviving relative, being grandson to John of Ghent, and, after the fall of Suffolk, was looked to and trusted by his royal kinsman as a counterpoise to the ambition of York. He left three sons, Henry, Edmund, and John, who, says the chronicler, "to the extremitie of death tooke part with the line of King Henrie."

King. Can we outrun the Heavens? good Margaret, stay.
Queen. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply 'scape,—
As well we may, if not through your neglect,—
We shall to London get; where you are loved;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present part.[7]
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Fields near Saint Alban's.*

Alarums: retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him,—
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Agèd contusions and all bruise of time,

[7] *Part* for *party;* the two being often used interchangeably. So before in this scene: "Throw in the frozen bosoms of our *part* hot coals of vengeance!"

And, like a gallant in the bloom of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.
Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him,[1] thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By th' Mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleased Him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:[2]
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.[3]
York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the King is fled to London,
To call a present court of Parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

[1] That is, "three times I saw him fallen, and striding over him defended him till he recovered." This act of friendship Shakespeare has frequently mentioned. See vol. i. page 140, note 13.

[2] Meaning, we have not *secured* that which we have *won*.

[3] Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat. To *repair*, in old language, is to *renovate*, to restore to a former condition.

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be etérnized in all age to come.—
Sound drums and trumpets;—and to London all:
And more such days as this to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 134. *I* did perform *my task, and was espoused.* — The folio reads "I *have perform'd* my Taske." The quarto reading is clearly to be preferred, as there ought to be no change of tense in the line.

P. 136. *They please us well. — Lord marquess, kneel* thee *down.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text lacks *thee.* Pope printed "kneel *you* down."

P. 137. *And* was *his Highness in his infancy*
Crownèd in Paris in despite of foes? — The old text reads "And *hath* his Highnesse," &c. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 140. *Thou or I, Somerset, will be* protector. — The old text reads "*Or* thou, or I Somerset will be *Protectors.*" Capell's correction.

P. 141. *And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,*
While they do tend to *profit of the land.* — So Capell. The old text has "tend *the* profit."

P. 141. *'Tis* mine *they give away, and not their own.* — Instead of *mine,* the old text has *thine.* The correction is White's.

P. 142. *Whileas the silly owner of the goods*
Weeps over them, and wrings his helpless *hands,*
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own,
While all is shared, and all is borne away. — The old text transposes the last two of these lines: in the second line also, it has *haplesse* instead of *helpless,* which is from Collier's second folio.

P. 143. *Till, Henry surfeiting in joys of love,*
With his new bride and England's dear-bought Queen,
Duke *Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars.* — The old text has "*And* Humfrey with the Peeres," &c. This leaves the sentence in utter unhingement, insomuch that some have thought a line must have been lost between the second and third. Be this as it may, there is no way to cure the defect but either by getting rid of *And* or by changing *surfeiting* to *surfeiteth.* The former mode gives the more fitting sense.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 144. *And in that chair where kings and queens* are *crown'd;*
There *Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me.* — The old text has *wer* instead of *are* in the first of these lines, and *Where* instead of *There* in the second. Staunton's correction.

P. 145. *Come, Nell; thou'lt ride with us,* I'm sure. — The words *I'm sure* are from the quarto.

P. 147. *Yet am I* Suffolk's *and the Cardinal's broker.* — The old text has *Suffolk* instead of *Suffolk's.*

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 148. For *my Lord Protector!* — So Capell. The old text has *To* instead of *For.* The context prompts, and indeed requires the change.

P. 148. *That my* master *was? no forsooth: my master said that he was.* — The old text reads "That my *Mistresse* was?"

P. 149. *Besides the* haught *Protector.* — So the second folio. The first has "the *haughtie* Protector."

P. 150. *And placed a quire of such enticing birds,*
That she will light to listen to their *lays.* — The folio has "listen to *the* lays." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 152. *She's tickled now; her* fury *needs no spurs,*
She'll gallop fast *enough to her destruction.* — In the first of these lines the old text has *Fume* instead of *fury.* Corrected by Dyce and Walker. Also, in the second, *farre* instead of *fast.* Corrected by Pope.

P. 153. *My Lord of Somerset will keep me* there
Without discharge, money, or furniture. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "keepe me *here.*" The meaning is, apparently, not that Somerset will keep York in England, but will keep him without supplies in France, so that he will not be able to accomplish any thing there.

P. 154. *This* is my *doom, my lord, if I may judge.* — The words *is my* are from the quarto.

P. 155. King. *Then be it so. — My Lord of Somerset,*
We make your Grace our *regent* o'er *the French.* — This speech is wanting in the folio, and was introduced by Theobald from the quarto; where, however, the last line reads "We make your Grace regent *over* the French." The lines are fairly necessary to the course of the dialogue; because, as Theobald remarks, "without them, the King has not declared his assent to Gloucester's opinion; and the Duke of Somerset is made to thank him for the regency before the King has deputed him to it."

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 157. *Descend to darkness and the burning lake!*
Foul *fiend, avoid!* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "*False* fiend." It does not well appear why Bolingbroke should denounce the Spirit as *false.*

P. 157. *The King and commonweal*
Are deep-*indebted for this piece of pains.* — The old text has "*deeply* indebted." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 157. *We'll see your trinkets here forthcoming all. —*
Away! — The old text has "here *all forthcoming. All* away." Corrected by Rowe.

ACT II., SCENE 1.

P. 160. *Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;*
For *with such holiness you* well *can do it.* — The folio has the second line thus: "With such Holynesse can you doe it."

P. 161. Glo. *True, uncle.*

Car. [Aside to Glo.] *Are ye advised? — the east side of the grove?*

Glo. [Aside to Car.] *Cardinal, I am with you.* — The folio prints these three speeches as one, and assigns the whole to Gloster. Theobald set them right.

P. 162. *Here* are *the townsmen on procession,*
Come to present your Highness with the man. — So Capell. The old text has, in the first line, "Here *comes* the Townes-men," and, in the second, "*To* present."

P. 164. *Would ye not think* his *cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?* — So the quarto. The folio has "thinke *it*, Cunning to be great."

Act II., Scene 2.

P. 167. *My lord, I long to hear it at* the *full.* — So Capell and Collier's second folio. The old text has "hear it at full." Pope printed "hear it *thus* at full."

P. 167. *Who, after Edward Third's death, reign'd as king.* — The old text has "Edward *the* third's." Walker's correction.

P. 167. *Father, the duke hath told the* very *truth.* — So Hanmer. The old text reads "told the truth."

P. 168. *To Edmund Langley, Edward Third's fifth son.* — Here, again, the old text has "Edward *the* third."

P. 169. *Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,*
The fourth son; York doth claim *it from the third.* — The old text has "York *claymes* it." Dyce prints "*while* York claims it."

P. 169. *My lord, break off; we know your mind at full.* — So Capell. The old text has "breake *we* off." Here, as in many other instances, the redundant word probably got repeated out of place by anticipation.

Act II., Scene 3.

P. 170. *Beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go.* — The old text has "*I* beseech." Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 171. *God and King Henry govern England's* helm!
Give up your staff, sir, and the King his realm. — The old text has "govern England's *Realme.*" The correction is Johnson's.

P. 173. *Go,* and *take hence that traitor from our sight.* — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The old text lacks *and.*

Act II., Scene 4.

P. 174. *And after Summer evermore succeeds*
Bare *Winter, with his wrathful-nipping cold.* — So Capell. The old text has "*Barren* Winter."

P. 174. *The abject people gazing on thy face*
With envious looks, and *laughing at thy shame.* — The first folio lacks *and;* the second has *still* in its stead. Here, as in many other cases, *still* must mean *continually;* a sense that does not suit the occasion. Lettsom proposed *and.*

P. 177. *Must you, Sir John, protect my lady* there? — So Walker. The old text has *here* instead of *there.* As the speaker is referring to the Isle of Man, *here* can hardly be right.

Act III., Scene 1.

P. 181. *Well, Suffolk,* well, *thou shalt not see me blush.* — So Dyce and Walker. The first folio reads "Suffolke, thou"; the second, "Suffolke, *yet* thou."

P. 182. *But* weightier *crimes are laid unto your charge.* — So Walker. The old text reads "But *mightier* crimes."

P. 183. *That you will clear yourself from all* suspect. — The old copies have *suspence;* an error which the context readily corrects.

P. 183. *But* I am *made the prologue to their play.* — The folio text has "But *mine is* made." Lettsom justly remarks that "the context requires the quarto reading, *I am.*"

P. 185. Fair *lords, cold snow melts with the Sun's hot beams.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "*Free* Lords." *Free* is certainly a strange epithet for the place; and "*fair* lords," as Dyce abundantly shows, was a common form of address.

P. 186. *'Tis York that hath* most *reason for his death.* — So Collier's second folio. — The old text has *more* instead of *most.*

P. 187. *As* Humphrey's *proved, by* treasons, *to my liege.* — The old text reads "As *Humfrey* prov'd by *reasons* to my liege." Hanmer printed *Humphrey's;* and Heath notes upon the passage, "Partly the construction, and partly the sense, oblige us to read 'As Humphrey's proved by *treasons* to my Liege.'" The meaning clearly is, "proved *an enemy* to my liege."

P. 188. *Men's flesh preserved so whole* doth *seldom win.* — The old text has *do* instead of *doth.* Hanmer's correction.

P. 190. *Whiles I in Ireland* nourish *a mighty band.* — Collier's second folio substitutes *march* for *nourish;* and so I have scarce any doubt we ought to read. In the *First Part* we have a clear instance of *nourish* misprinted for *marish.* See note on "Our isle be made a *marish* of salt tears," page 115.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 191. *Have you laid fair the bed?* are *all things well,*
According as I gave directions?
1 Murd. Yes, *my good lord.* — So Rowe. The old text has "*Is* all things well," and "'*Tis*, my good Lord."

P. 192. *I thank thee,* Meg; *these words content me much.* — Instead of *Meg*, the old text has *Nell;* a very palpable error. Corrected by Capell.

P. 194. *Why, then Dame* Margaret *was ne'er thy joy.* — Here, again, the old text has *Elianor* for *Margaret.* Also, a little after, "in thy palace perish *Elianor.*" Corrected in both places by Rowe.

P. 194. *And twice by awkward* winds *from England's bank*
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this but well-forewarning winds
Did seem to say, &c. — The old text has *winde* instead of *winds* in both places. Corrected by Pope.

P. 195. *As far as I could ken* the *chalky cliffs*
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back, &c. — The old text has "ken *thy* Chalky Cliffes." The correction is Pope's.

P. 195. *My earnest*-gaping *sight of thy land's view.* — It has been proposed to read "earnest-*gazing* sight"; and rightly, I suspect.

P. 195. *To sit and* witch *me, as Ascanius did*
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? art *thou not false like him?*
Ah me, I can no more! die, Margaret. — In the first of these lines, the old text has "To sit and *watch*"; in the fourth, "*Or* thou not false"; in the fifth, "Dye *Elinor*."

P. 196. *Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips*
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears, &c. — The old text has *draine* instead of *rain*. Corrected by Capell. So in *The Taming of the Shrew,* Induction, 1: "To *rain* a shower of commanded *tears*." Also in *Venus and Adonis:* "With *tears,* which, chorus-like, her eyes did *rain*."

P. 197. *For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,*
And, *seeing him, I see my death in life.* — So Capell and Collier's second folio. The old text has "*For* seeing him." *For* was doubtless repeated by mistake from the line above.

P. 200. *Unless* false *Suffolk straight be done to death.* — So the quarto. The folio has "Unlesse *Lord* Suffolke." Here, again, *Lord* probably crept in out of place from the line above.

P. 203. *Poison be their drink!*
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest thing *they taste!* — So the quarto. The folio has "the daintiest *that* they taste."

P. 204. *I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;*
Myself to *joy in nought but that thou livest.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text reads "Myselfe *no* joy in nought."

P. 206. Queen. *And take my heart* along *with thee.*
Suf. *A jewel, lock'd into the woefull'st* casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth. — In the first of these lines, the old text lacks *along*, which was inserted by Hanmer; and, in the second has *cask* instead of *casket*, which is Rowe's correction, and is also in Collier's second folio.

Act III., Scene 3.

P. 206. So *thou wilt let me live*, and feel no pain. — The corresponding line in the quarto is, "*If* thou wilt let me live *but one whole year*." It may well be questioned whether this ought not to be substituted for the folio reading.

P. 207. *Peace to his soul*, if't *God's good pleasure be!* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "*if* God's good pleasure be."

Act IV., Scene 1.

P. 209. *The lives of those which we have lost in fight*
Cannot *be counterpoised with such a petty sum.* — So Malone. The old text lacks *Cannot*. Capell printed "*Cannot* be *pois'd*," and thus kept the line a pentameter. But this play has many Alexandrines.

P. 210. *Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?*
Cap. *But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.* — The first of these lines is wanting in the folio, and is supplied from the quarto. The necessity of retaining it is obvious.

P. 210. Suf. *Obscure and* lowly *swain, King Henry's blood*, &c. — The original makes this line a continuation of the preceding speech, and has *lowsie* instead of *lowly*. Collier's second folio has *lowly*, and so have the quartos.

P. 211. Cap. *Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side*
Strike off his head.
Suf. *Thou darest not, for thy own.*
Cap. *Yes, Pole.*
Suf. *Pole!*
Cap. *Pole! Sir Pole! lord!*
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt, &c. — The third and fourth of these speeches are wanting in the folio, and have been supplied from the quarto, as the context evidently requires them.

P. 211. *And, like ambitious Sulla, overgorged*
With gobbets of thy mother's *bleeding heart.* — The old text has "thy *Mother*-bleeding heart."

P. 211. *The princely Warwick, and the Nevilles all,*
As hating thee, are *rising up in arms.* — The old text has *and* instead of *are.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 213. Gelidus timor occupat artus: — *it is thee I fear.* — So the second folio. The first has "Pine *gelidus timor occupat artus.*" As *Pine* is not a Latin word, and has no meaning here, it was no doubt struck out for good cause.

P. 213. *And sooner dance upon a bloody pole*
Than stand uncover'd to this *vulgar groom.*
Exempt is true nobility from fear. — In the second of these lines, the old text has "to *the* vulgar groom." Corrected by Walker. The third line reads unmetrically, thus: "True nobility is exempt from fear." Lloyd's correction.

P. 213. *Come, soldiers, show what cruelty you can,*
That this my death may never be forgot! — In the old text, the first of these lines is printed as a part of the preceding speech. A manifest error. Corrected by Hanmer.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 214. *Labour in thy vocation; which is as much* as *to say,* &c. — So Collier's second folio. The old text reads "as much to say *as,*" &c.

P. 215. *We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father*, or *for our enemies shall* fall *before us*, &c. — So Walker. The old text has *faile* instead of *fall* and lacks *or*. Both changes are clearly required, in order to make any sense out of the passage, as *Cade* is evidently playing on his own name as if it were from the Latin *cadere*, which means to *fall*.

P. 219. Cade. *And Adam was a gardner.*
W. Staf. *What of that?* — The old text has "And what of that?" *And* having doubtless crept in by mistake from the line above.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 221. *And thou shalt have a license* for *to kill a hundred lacking one* a-week. — The word *a-week* is wanting in the folio, and was added by Malone from the quarto. It is clearly essential, as the passage has no intelligible meaning without it. The old text also reads "a License to kill *for* a hundred," &c.; which I have laboured in vain to understand. The use of *for* before an infinitive verb was very common. See foot-note 1.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 222. Lamenting still, *and mourning Suffolk's death?* — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old text has the line thus: "*Still lamenting* and mourning *for* Suffolkes death."

P. 223. *No, love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.* — The old text has "No *my* Love." Capell's correction.

P. 224. *Trust nobody, for fear you* be *betray'd.* — So the second folio. The first omits *be*.

ACT IV., SCENE 7.

P. 228. *Sweet is the country*, beauteous, *full* of *riches;*
The people liberal, valiant, active, worthy. — In the first of these lines, the old text reads "*because* full of Riches." *Beauteous* is Hanmer's reading; and Walker observes, "*Because* has undoubtedly usurped the place of some epithet, in all probability *beauteous*." In the second line also, the old text has *wealthy* instead of *worthy*, which is Hanmer's correction, and is also found in Collier's second folio.

P. 228. *When have I aught exacted at your hands,*

But to maintain the King, the realm, and you?—The old text reads "*Kent* to maintaine, the King," &c. Corrected by Johnson.

P. 229. *Ye shall have a hempen* caudle, *then.*—The original has "a hempen *Candle*"; a very easy misprint, which was corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 229. It is *the palsy, and not fear, provokes me.*—So the quarto. The folio lacks the words *It is.*

ACT IV., SCENE 8.

P. 231. *Or let a* rebel *lead you to your deaths?*—The old text has *rabble* instead of *rebel*, which is the correction made in both Collier's and Singer's second folios. Of course the reference is to Cade: for who should be spoken of as leading them to their deaths, but the man who heads the rebellion?

P. 231. *And you, base peasants, do ye believe* them?—The old text has "believe *him?*" The speaker clearly has both Buckingham and Clifford in his thought; and *him* and *them* were often confounded.

P. 232. *I thought ye would never have given* out *those arms till*, &c. —Walker thinks we should read "given *over*," and I suspect he is right. See, however, foot-note 1.

P. 232. *Crying* Viliaco! *unto all they meet.*—The original has *Villiago*, which has sometimes been changed to *Villageois*. But *Viliaco* is surely the right word. See foot-note 2.

ACT IV., SCENE 9.

P. 234. *The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;*
And with a puissant and mighty power
Of savage *gallowglasses and stout kerns*
Is marching hitherwards in proud array.—In the second of these lines, the old text has "and *a* mighty power," and, in the third, lacks *savage*. It is not likely that the verse was left thus defective by the author; but editors are not agreed as to the most fitting word for completing it. Hanmer inserted *desp'rate*, and Capell *nimble;* while Collier's second folio has "stout *Irish* kerns." Dyce prints *savage*, and remarks that the "ferocity of" the gallowglasses "was notorious." See foot-note 1.

P. 235. *Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,*
Is straightway chased *and boarded with a pirate.* — So Walker. The original has *calme;* the second folio, *claimd.* The common reading is *calm'd;* but that sense, it seems to me, does not suit the context.

P. 235. *I pray thee, Buckingham, go* thou *and meet him.* — So Dyce. The old text omits *thou;* doubtless by mistake.

P. 235. *Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;*
Or *yet may England curse my wretched reign.* — The old text has *For* instead of *Or.* Corrected by Walker. We have many instances of *for* and *or* being confounded.

ACT IV., SCENE 10.

P. 235. *Fie on* ambition! *fie on myself,* &c. — So the second folio. The first has *ambitious.*

P. 236. *Wherefore,* o'er *a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden,* &c. — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The old text has *on* instead of *o'er.*

P. 236. *And many a time, when I have been dry, and* bravely *marching,* &c. — Walker asks, "What has *bravely* to do here?" Dyce queries *heavily.* But neither word seems just right.

P. 236. *This small inheritance, my father left me,*
Contents *me, and* is *worth a monarchy.*
I seek not to wax great by others' waning. — In the second of these lines, the old text reads "*Contenteth* me, and worth a Monarchy." Also, in the third, *warning* for *waning.*

P. 237. But, *as for words, whose greatness answers words,*
Let this my sword report what speech forbears. — So Dyce. The old text lacks *But.*

P. 237. *I beseech* God, *on my knees,* &c. — The old text has "I beseech *Jove.*" We have repeated instances of the same substitution, probably made by the editors in compliance with the well-known statute against profanity. See note on "*God* and my stars be praised," vol. v. page 247.

P. 238. *And as I thrust thy body with my sword.*— The old text has "thrust thy body *in* with my sword."

Act v., Scene i.

P. 239. O *Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me.*— So the second folio. The first lacks *O.*

P. 241. *Tell me, my friend,* art *thou the man that slew him?*
Iden. *I* am, *an't like your Majesty.*— The old text has "I *was.*" Capell printed "*wast* thou the man." It seems plain enough that one of these changes ought to be admitted.

P. 241. *Iden, kneel down.* [He kneels.] Iden, *rise up a knight.*— So Lettsom. The old text lacks the second *Iden.* Hanmer completed the verse by printing "*and* rise *thou* up"; Capell, "*now* rise *thou* up."

P. 242. *King did I call thee? no, thou art* no *king;*
Not fit to rule *and* govern *multitudes.*— The old text reads "thou art *not* king," and "Not fit to *govern* and *rule.*" Upon the latter Walker exclaims, "Papæ! *Rule and govern.*"

P. 242. *Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of* these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.— The old text reads "first let me ask of *thee.*" See foot-note 2.

P. 242. *Sirrah, call in my* sons *to be my bail:*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for *my enfranchisement.*— In the first of these lines, the original has *sonne.* Also, in the third line, the old text has *of* instead of *for.* Corrected in the second folio.

P. 244. *That with the very shaking of their chains*
They may astonish these fell-lurching *curs.*— So Heath. The old text has "fell-*lurking* Curres." Collier's second folio substitutes "fell-*looking.*" See foot-note 5.

P. 245. *Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,*
And stain *thine honourable age with blood?*— So Walker. The old text has *shame* instead of *stain.* The occurrence of *shame* in the third line below prompted the change.

P. 245. *I am resolved for death* or *dignity.* — The old text has "death *and* dignitie." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 245. *You were best go to bed and dream again.* — The old text reads "best *to* go to bed." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 246. *Might I but know thee by thy* household *badge.* — So the quarto. The first folio has *housed;* the second, *houses.*

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 250. *Uncurable discomfit*
Reigns in the hearts of all our present part. — The old text has *parts* instead of *part.* See foot-note 7.

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 250. Old *Salisbury, who can report of him,* —
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Agèd contusions and all bruise *of time,*
And, like a gallant in the bloom *of youth,*
Repairs him with occasion. — In the first of these lines the folio has *Of* instead of *Old;* in the third, *brush* instead of *bruise;* and, in the fourth, *brow* instead of *bloom.* All three corrections are made in Collier's second folio : the first is also supported by the quarto; the second was conjectured by Warburton; and Johnson proposed *blow* for the third.

P. 252. *Now, by my* faith, *lords, 'twas a glorious day;*
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eternized in all age to come. —
Sound drums *and trumpets; — and to London all:*
And more such days as this *to us befall!* — In the first of these lines, the folio has *hand* instead of *faith,* — perhaps in compliance with the statute against profanity; in the fourth, *Drumme* instead of *drums,* which is from the quarto; and, in the fifth, *these* instead of *this,* which is Hanmer's correction.

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